

Reader's Digest

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R. S. V. P.

A Postcard Will Do!

In the May and June issues of *The Reader's Digest* appeared a new department, "Among Current Magazines," which listed the contents — with publishers' brief comments — of "quality-group" periodicals which had become *current* by the time the Digest reached subscribers.

Last month readers were asked whether the value of this service warranted the space given to it in the Digest.

As this issue goes to press letters are pouring in urging the continuance of this department. A great many subscribers feel the importance of a guide to the leading magazines of opinion, enabling them not to overlook articles on subjects of individual interest.

However, it is too early to have received as general an expression as is desired. If you want "Among Current Magazines" resumed next month, please take the trouble to say so — by postcard.

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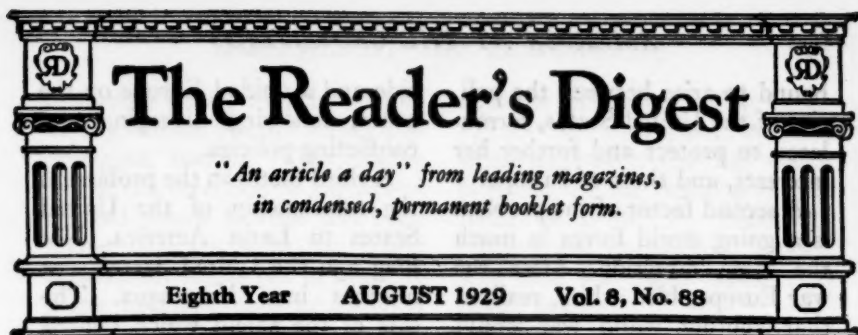
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America at the Crossroads

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (July, '29)

Francis Bowes Sayre, Professor of Law at Harvard University

SELDOM in her history has America seemed to enjoy such serene security as now. Prosperous beyond her dreams, conscious of a power to shape world destinies such as perhaps no nation has enjoyed before, she seems to sail the very crest of the waves.

Yet as this post-war decade draws to a close, America is approaching a parting of the ways, involving a crisis in her affairs as grave as any she has yet faced.

In the first place, there is the problem of war debts. Creditors insisting upon payment find themselves in an embarrassing position if they wish to retain the friendship of their debtors. In this case, many economists maintain that the international debts owed America are of such magni-

tude that they never can actually be paid in full, and that any serious attempt to do so could be made only through dumping such quantities of foreign commodities in America as to ruin American domestic industry. The maintenance of high American tariff barriers adds to the problem. America's unyielding insistence upon full payment, and her continual refusal to modify her position may therefore rob her of friends and also force the debtor states to look at the problem from a common point of view and to make common cause; the inherent nature of the situation inevitably separates the interests of America from those of the European nations. If nothing is done to counteract this tendency, a wider and wider divergence is

bound to arise between the policies of the United States, formulated to protect and further her interests, and those of Europe.

A second factor of the problem is aligning world forces in much the same direction. After the war Europe, bled white, realized that another world war would mean the end of Western civilization. In spite of her mistrust of that untried American invention, the League of Nations, and fear of its possibilities, Europe turned to the League as the only practicable hope, and decided to try the way of coöperation in settling international disputes. Today the representatives of some fifty nations are learning at Geneva through hard experience the difficult lesson of coöperation — how to give and take, and even, at times, to sacrifice present national interests for the sake of larger ultimate gain. But America is not sharing the experience.

If America continues to absent herself from the gatherings of fifty nations, great and small, where the world's common problems are discussed and world policies are formulated, it seems inevitable that the policies thus adopted will come to be largely European in their conception; and sooner or later America will awake to find that her own interests have gone unprotected. That means danger of the gravest kind — the United States on one

side and a unified Europe on the other, following diverging and conflicting policies.

A third factor in the problem is the relationship of the United States to Latin America. Not long ago the United States sent marines into Nicaragua. The side of the shield which United States citizens saw was the restoration of law and order to a distracted country and the promotion of democracy by the guarantee of a fair and free election. The side of the same shield which Latin America saw was the bombing of unoffending Nicaraguan villages by American airplanes, intervention with force in the affairs of a smaller state, the United States opening the way for her investors by marines.

The time was when the opinion of South American states was negligible. But that day is passing. The Argentine contains a million more people than Canada; the population of Brazil is four times that of Canada and almost equal to that of France. With the increasing power of South America, the problem of our South American policy becomes every year more pressing. Shall America continue a big-stick policy which gains its way at the expense of friendship, or shall she seek the solution through joint action with her sister American republics?

The solution of these problems

of foreign policy may be sought through either one of two sharply divergent courses. One course lies in the direction of the newer method which Europe has been trying to learn since the tragic breakdown of the old in 1914. It is the method of seeking common understandings and of taking united action for the solution of international difficulties before they become acute — that of the pacific settlement of every international dispute. It is the way of the League of Nations, of the World Court, of Locarno.

The alternative course is armed isolation. The logic of the situation, in the minds of many, compels such a policy. America, as the richest country in the world and a creditor nation, needs protection. The neglect of defenses only invites armed attack and therefore war. Consequently it is now incumbent upon the United States, whether she likes it or not, to keep free of every European complication and to build up her national defenses. For the past nine years this has been the course consistently followed, in spite of the fact that economically, commercially, and financially America is inextricably bound with the nations of Europe. We are spending considerably more than twice as much today for national defense as before the war (\$668,000,000 is the estimated expenditure for

1930 as compared with \$244,177,000 in 1912) and the last Congress passed the bill which provides for the building within three years of 15 10,000-ton cruisers and one aircraft carrier. The race for bigger navies has begun again.

The big-navy group cry out confidently that this is the pathway to America's destiny, and the only way to security. But a haunting doubt persists. Does genuine and practical security lie in this direction?

In the early days of the 20th century, Germany, pushing vigorously her industrial development, foreseeing international rivalry, sought protection through the building of a navy powerful enough to draw England into competitive activity, and the most magnificent army the world had ever known. Her fighting strength was immeasurably superior to that of any other nation. Yet in 1919 it was Germany, with all her magnificent armament, — nay, *because* of her magnificent armament, — that lay crushed and broken.

If the World War has proved anything, it has proved the breakdown of the old methods — the positive danger of seeking security through gunpowder and poison gas. The nation which chooses to place its main reliance in its own powerful armament is courting disaster. Huge arma-

ments breed fear, and fear breeds hate, and hate breeds war. There is no escape from that. The experience of the World War has shown with terrible clarity that the outcome of every modern war of world importance depends, not on the armament of any single nation, but upon the alignments and groupings of nations which take place before and during hostilities; and these war-deciding alignments depend in the last analysis upon international friendships, and upon the degree of international coöperation which has interlocked the interests of various states. Today, no matter what its armament, no single nation can conquer the world; and armed isolation is the most dangerous course a wealthy nation can pursue.

By ratifying the Kellogg Peace Pact the United States has set her face once more toward a policy of international arbitration. But we must not be deceived. Under the Kellogg Pact the signatories renounce war as an instrument of national policy. But every nation reserves the right to fight in self-defense. Can a war of any magnitude be recalled in which both sides were not claiming to be fighting in self-defense? If one looks the truth in the face, the Kellogg Peace Pact is, as a purely legal document, impotent. Yet it is very far from true that the treaty is therefore without value.

By pouring moral content into it we can make it one of the great steps toward peace. The treaty means exactly what we make it mean. It will not prevent war. But it can be made to serve as a magnificent rallying cry to promote and stimulate the will to peace.

The future destiny of the United States is today hanging in the balance. The foreign problems pressing in on us are likely to become more rather than less acute. It will not be possible to straddle the problem many years longer — in the same Congress to adopt a Kellogg Peace Pact and a bill inaugurating a new navy-building program. The time is fast coming when America must make her choice.

Will she, with all her youth and buoyancy, choose armed isolation, the old method which brought inevitably the world conflict of 1914? Or will she choose international coöperation and the effort to substitute law for war?

We call ourselves a Christian nation. If Christianity means anything real, there can be no question what America's choice will be. That choice unquestionably will depend upon what the great rank and file of Americans demand. It is a time when no true patriot, no honest Christian, can afford to be silent. All the world hangs upon America's answer.

Making Real the Pact of Paris

Condensed from The Century Magazine (June, '29)

George W. Wickersham, Attorney-General in Cabinet of President Taft

BY the Pact of Paris, to which our Government has invited all the nations to become parties, the contracting parties condemn "recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another"; and "agree that the settlement of all disputes or conflicts of *whatever nature or of whatever origin* they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought *except by specific means.*"

If this treaty be honestly observed, it would seem that the clouds of war never again should darken the lives of men. But in the very process of negotiation, a doubt was born whether even those who propounded the treaty intended its actual and unqualified observance.

"What about the right of self-defense?" governments inquired. "Every nation," wrote Secretary Kellogg, "is free at all times to defend its territory from attack and it alone is competent to decide whether circumstances require recourse to war." The Senate Committee reported: "Under the right of self-defense allowed by the treaty must necessarily

be included the right to maintain the Monroe Doctrine, which is a part of our system of national defense."

Indeed, members of the Senate gave the exception of self-defense from the operations of the treaty a latitude of construction which, if admitted, would impair, if not entirely destroy the value of the compact. Senator Swanson said self-defense "includes anything that any nation may determine is vital for its protection and self-defense. The wars excluded from the operations of this treaty by this interpretation are as limitless as the imagination or the ambitions of nations may desire."

Senator Bruce thought that the Pact was broad enough to include both defensive and offensive warfare. Senator Walsh thought "the Pact itself is nothing more than a statement of principle"; Senator Fess said that he had never believed it was a guaranty against war; and Senator Glass thought it was not worth a postage-stamp in the direction of accomplishing permanent peace!

Sir Austen Chamberlain stated "that there are certain regions in the world the welfare and integ-

city of which constitute a special and vital interest" for the peace and safety of His Majesty's Government, and that "interference with those regions would not be suffered."

Immediately after the vote on the Pact of Paris, the Senate took up the naval cruiser bill. Senator Moses, with frank cynicism, expressed the opinion that we should be stronger in a conference with England on naval disarmament if the bill were passed than without it. He expressed a preference to be in such a conference "with blue chips," rather than with blueprints.

If, hard upon the heels of a treaty explicitly renouncing war as an instrument of national policy, our Congress enthusiastically enacts a bill providing for the building of 15 great cruisers, under the pretext of their being needed for national defense, how can one still hold to the belief that peace is more secure under democracies than under kings?

General Sherman characterized war as Hell. He spoke in the simple days when as yet war had not become the scientific method of wholesale slaughter it was on the eve of becoming in November 1918. Writing of this, Winston Churchill says: "It is established that henceforward whole populations will take part in war, all doing their utmost, all subjected to the fury of the enemy. It is

established that nations who believe their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is certain that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited and perhaps once launched, uncontrollable." It was the general recognition of the fact that another war would destroy civilization that brought the nations to accept the Pact of Paris.

May God forbid that we who held forth to a war-worn, suffering world this promise of a new day should be the first to discover a lack of faith in its meaning, to declare that we still hold to the old law of force and that our new pact is but the expression of a pious hope. The Kellogg Treaty embodies not only the hope, but the determination of the American people. It is the finest expression of their idealism, of their passionate desire to dedicate the heart and the power of the nation to securing the peace of the world.


The people know, if politicians do not, that no navy can be constructed strong enough to make us secure against any combination of enemy powers. As Philip Kerr truly said recently, "No nation can make its own vital interest secure by means of armaments except by making the vital interest of its neighbors in-

secure." Hence, to start great navy building means to provoke rival building in other powers and a competition that inevitably must end in war.

On the other hand, competition in making effective the peace agencies of the world means the rapid education of statesmen and legislators to think in terms of peace and to regard peace as not only normal but inevitable. Senator Borah has said that the effect of the Paris Pact is a solemn pledge to let all the peace machinery work; that with war delegatized the League of Nations would be free "to concentrate upon its constructive and beneficent functions." As Stanley Baldwin has said, we are trying to find some moral equivalent to war. To this end we may well heed his injunction to neglect nothing that will make us more fit for the ascent to higher spiritual levels — "the controlling of our passions and — more difficult — the curbing of our own tongues." The loose talk of legislators may do more harm to the cause of international peace than the indiscretions of chancellors. The remedy lies in the quiet determination

of the mass of the peace-loving populations of the world to abide by the letter and the spirit of the Peace treaty and to visit with signal political destruction those of their representatives who would minimize its import.

Cynical thought still proclaims that man is a fighting animal; that nations will always wage war against each other when self-interest decrees. Over against this creed are set the higher instincts of a better civilization. Out of the baser character of earlier days there is slowly evolving a philosophy which sees in the preservation of life and the development of the soul of man a greater gain than can be realized by mutual and competitive destruction of human life. After centuries of blindness the practical value of the teachings of Christ is breaking upon the minds of men. By love and not by hate is the soul of man developed to its greatest possibilities. And if we make it real, a law unto our footsteps, and not a mere text for purposes of ornament, the Pact of Paris may, nay must, rank as the greatest act in the history of these United States.



Beyond the Talkies—Television

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (July, '29)

R. E. Sherwood

HUMANITY has developed a faculty for converting the miraculous into the commonplace. And we are now approaching one of the most fantastic of all the scientific miracles—Television. In about five years' time it will be an accomplished fact.

Engineers are working at it frantically in dozens of laboratories. Actual broadcasts have been made; the major problems have been solved. Light waves may be broadcast as easily as sound waves. The chief difficulty now is synchronization—the sound waves and light waves must arrive at the same destination at the same instant. Those menaces to radio, Static and Interference, will be doubly malignant when there are two sets of waves to disrupt instead of one.

Nevertheless, all the big radio and electrical corporations are aware that television is not only inevitable but imminent. They are laying staggering plans accordingly—plans that will revolutionize all sorts of present conditions.

Radio advertising has grown steadily, and it will continue to grow. The stations can hold their

audiences only if they give them exceptional entertainment; hence, we hear John McCormack, Will Rogers, Paul Whiteman, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, Maria Jeritza and other celebrities, "through the courtesy" of various manufacturers. But radio advertising has been limited because of its inability to give the listeners a "picture of the product." Almost every printed advertisement incorporates such a likeness. Television will have this advantage over radio. When you see and hear Will Rogers talking to you from your private screen, you will also have a close-up view of a package of the chewing gum which Mr. Rogers endorses.

Music has been preferable to talk on the radio because spoken words are necessarily mechanical and dull unless you can see the face from which they come. Television will nullify this rule. Actors will have the chance to be dramatic on the air, humorists will have a chance to give point to their jokes by their expression or gesture, orators will have the chance to make direct appeals to the emotions. Action will assume the same importance on the radio that it has had in the movies.

Television will be a tremendous factor in the spreading of news. When the first young lady to swim the Atlantic Ocean is welcomed home by New York City, the country at large will see the reception. If there is a colossal oil fire in Tulsa, Oklahoma, it may be watched by the residents of Wiscasset, Maine. Announcers will likely continue to function in television broadcasts of football and baseball games and horse races. The distant spectator will need some one to tell him that "it was Cagle who made that run." Championship prize-fights will be broadcast, the "television rights" selling for a large sum to a national advertiser.

The most important aspect of television, however, will be the broadcasting of talking moving pictures. Some of these films will be full-length photoplays, with the usual attendant short subjects — comedies, scenic pictures, news reels, etc. In addition, there will be all manner of subjects that are not now seen in cinema theaters. These will be designed to instruct rather than to amuse, and will be developments of the household hints, fashion hints, health hints, child welfare hints, contract bridge hints, etc., that are now broadcast regularly on the radio. Such lectures and demonstrations will be prepared in movie studios, with proper lighting and staging and subse-

quent editing, and will then be ready for distribution to radio stations in all parts of the English speaking world.

What effect will these glorified radio-movie programs have on the theater business? A terrible thought! The maximum radio audience of today is estimated at 40 million people. Television will increase incredibly the entertainment possibilities of the radio. The radio has already reduced the crowds that were wont to fill the theaters, movie and legitimate. That reduction is certain to continue, which means that a considerable number of theaters are destined to close their doors within the next few years.

I know that this prediction will be disputed. "Man is a gregarious creature," some will say. "Regardless of radio, men and women will still want to go out and join other pleasure-seekers at the theater."

But just as deep rooted as the gregarious instinct in human nature is the fondness for easy convenience, the desire to get something for nothing. Consider a typical family. They love Harold Lloyd and learn that his latest comedy is being shown on State Street, several miles and a complicated series of transfers from their home; it is also to be broadcast by courtesy of the Krispy Breakfast Food Co., who have paid handsomely for the privilege.

This family will see the Lloyd comedy in their own living-room, not at the theater.

As a matter of fact, the congregating impulse in human nature isn't what it once was. People today must spend so much time in crowds — in streets, stores, trains and highways — that they are naturally anxious to escape from the turmoil in their leisure hours. Moreover, the theater is ceasing to be the only alternative to a dull evening at home. The automobile has made it easy for people to break away for diversion.

Television will add to the charms of the home, by bringing into it everything that the theater can offer, and much that the theater has never been able to offer in the past. Color photography and stereoscopic photography are coming, and will make of the television screen a window through which one can see the exciting semblance of reality.

Consider the source of the talking movie devices. Did they originate in the film studios of Hollywood? They did not. The Vitaphone and Movietone originated in the laboratories of the

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and its ally, the Western Electric Corp.; the Phonophone originated in the laboratories of the Radio Corporation of America and its ally, the General Electric Corp.; the Phonofilm was developed by Dr. Lee De Forest, the great radio engineer. All the movie magnates will admit that the talkies have saved their industry from financial collapse. But it has not been the unselfish purpose of the great electrical and radio companies to protect the movie magnates from the wolves of ruin — especially in view of the fact that the movie, at present, is a serious rival of the radio as a medium of entertainment.

The electrical engineers have helped the movies because, when television comes, the movies are going to be of inestimable value to the radio. The film industry, once powerful and arrogant, is rapidly being reduced to the position of a "subsidiary." It will be part of that vast and superbly organized scheme by which entertainment is to be delivered, free of charge, to the multitude.



I Want to Be Happy

Condensed from Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan (July, '29)

Will Durant, author of The Story of Philosophy

DEAR PESSIMISTS:

There is one cause of your gloom which is more fundamental than any other and it provides the hinge on which your mood may turn. You look morosely upon life because in your flesh and blood there is something physiologically wrong. Don't flare up; disrobe, and let the doctor thump you here and there, and mark down his frowns.

Tell me, do you think that you would be a pessimist if you were physically sound — if your blood were rich and clean, your brain alert, without stimulant, your senses keen and your muscles strong, your stomach at ease — and your colon flushed? Tell me, would any considerations of dying drama and decadent art, of corruption in Washington and New York, of domestic and planetary disturbances, bother you one bit if you were at the top of your stride? What if this whole question, whether life is worth living, depends more upon you than upon life?

Do you expect that nature will do her best for you if the only muscles you use are the sedentary ones? Do you brave your neighbors and go out for exercise in

the fields, or do you take all your sport by proxy, sitting in a grandstand? Why is it that manual workers, despite heavy toil, are a jollier, more laughter-given lot than business men and scribes? Why is it that there is more song and frolic in their workshops and their homes than in the offices and palaces of the bourgeoisie?

Because action is the secret of health, and health is the secret of happiness. Go out and let the sun shine upon you for a while!

What do you eat, and where? — where do you sleep, and when? — what if this has more to do with your pessimism than the vicissitudes of marriage, or the destiny of the earth? Perhaps you are one of those millions who lead the lives of inactive intellectuals and eat the diet of blacksmiths?

Get a home, Jacques, even if you must marry for it. Come back to your own table in the evening and let your eating be one of the joys of life, not one of its tribulations. The foundation of good cheer is joy in our daily bread.

Surely men must tire of the wild pace of city life. They need some refuge from it; even if they know it not, the poison of speed and noise and everlasting danger

gets into the blood, and health begins to break. For my own part, after 15 years of it, I had enough; I resolved to ease the tempo of my life by dwelling where nature might give me her silent example of calm and steady growth. I rented a little home in Long Island, some 16 miles from madness. To reach Bedlam, I walk 12 minutes along quiet streets shaded by rich trees in summer and paved with clean white snow in winter; I board a clean and spacious train, and in half an hour I am in the midst of dirt, noise, subways, elevated trains, flying newspapers, open-air loud speakers, ten thousand automobiles and one million mauling people seeking refuge from themselves.

The adventure has lasted only half a year, but every day I like it more. I want to stay where a man may be himself, and not a cipher in a mob; I want to wake up in a room echoing with birds and sparkling with the unimpeded sun; I want to see trees swaying near my windows as I dress. I want to breathe air that of itself would make me fit and hale.

I want to do my work in a study cheerful with light, cozy with a fireplace and far from the madding crowd. I want to eat at my own table, with my own family, simple foods that grow out of the earth, prepared by a lover's hand. I want to putter about the

house. I want to stroll in the autumn woods and get drunk with autumn's colors under the autumn sun.

But, say you pessimists, consider the strain and brutality and injustice of our economic world. Yes; but why be ungrateful for the myriad comforts and powers which our industrial age has heaped upon us? — merely the plumbing that we use would have seemed like a luxury to a medieval king. We are protected by public sanitation, and the progress of medicine, from a hundred diseases and epidemics which once harassed every life and brought half the race to early graves.

We speak of poverty, and it is real; but once it existed everywhere and stared us in the face; now we must go slumming to find it in its ancient virulence. We speak of human slavery, and it is real; but how much of it remains in Europe or America as compared with a century ago?

Here is a building going up; there's not a hod-carrier in sight and only a handful of harassed slaves; on the contrary, these ironworkers, plasterers, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers and electricians are better paid than the average business man.

Here I stand in admiration as two men, unaided, dig a great trench eight feet wide at the rate of three blocks a day; one op-

erates a gigantic steam shovel, the other moves a five-ton truck. Where they work, cheerfully and competently today, 50 years ago a hundred immigrants would have toiled long hours to exhaustion for a wage hardly sufficient to provide them with onions, bread and beer.

And there in that factory, which was once damp with steam and filthy with grease and dirt, clean electricity holds sway, and everything is as tidy as in an old New England home. A thousand devices protect the worker's life and limb, and insurance helps him in accident or disease; organization and invention have given him, not all that he might merit, but far more than his brothers over the sea.

As for love, it is our own immaturity that makes us expect that it will last forever; an ounce of biology should teach us that, once we have mated, nature withdraws from love the fancies that supported it and leaves its continuance to the resources of our intelligence. How can we fare well in love if we seek in women not the qualities that make a family and a home, but those more visible charms that arouse our tired flesh?

Marry a modest girl, Jacques,

if you can find one; the other sort will deceive you in a year. And see to it that a child or two shall come to keep you awake o' nights and pestered by day; those troubles will give you a strange and unreasonable happiness. Let the "hard-boiled" laugh at you; nature is on your side, and chubby arms will be giving you a fond good night when your unsentimental friends, as they yawn on a park bench or in a furnished room, will be wondering how to "kill time" till the day is done.

No man is a pessimist who has been faithful to his children; their song and laughter cleanse away the fatigue of the day's work; and their bright youth is his answer to the years that age him.

Even the fatigue is good if one lives actively; have you not enjoyed your very perspiration after some triumph in honest labor or in a game? Use your bodies, dear pessimists; play, and don't spectate too much; make things with your hands, even if you crack your thumbs; keep a garden or have a workshop and the Devil will never find you. Join in the life of your community and do your share to combat the evils that exist.



Without Apology

Excerpt from *The New Republic* (June 12, '29)

Mildred Gilman

WE hear a great deal, and it is proper that we should, about the injustice visited upon those who are tried and convicted for crimes they did not commit. But there is something to be said, sometimes, about those who are tried and acquitted. Consider, for instance, the case of Harry Hoffman. It was only the other day that the state of New York remarked to Harry Hoffman: "Our error; you can go home now."

During most of his five years in jail, facing the electric chair, this Staten Island movie operator had been kept in an indoor cage; for "those awaiting trial" are not allowed to exercise in the open court, nor engage in any occupation. But after the fourth bitterly waged trial, the jury discovered that it had made a mistake to put him in jail at all.

The evidence showed that Harry Hoffman had not murdered Mrs. Mary A. Bauer in 1924. The bullets that fitted his 25-caliber revolver were not marked the same as those found in the dead woman's body. But the public had demanded that somebody be punished. School children had seen Mrs. Bauer get

into a Ford sedan. "The man had a brown hat," they said, "and wore bone-rimmed spectacles." More than a hundred men were examined.

Why, asked the State, had Hoffman mailed his 25-caliber revolver to his brother when talk of lynching began? Why had he cut his hair and changed to gold-rimmed spectacles? His behavior was suspicious.

The prosecution merely laughed at his frightened explanation. "I was a Jew in a Gentile neighborhood," he said. "Jews are not loved. But that hadn't mattered before. I always minded my own business, and paid no attention when people talked of 'dirty Jews.'"

In those days, Hoffman had been fat, good-natured, and happy-go-lucky, happily married, interested in his work, and devoted to his two daughters. But there was one persistent fear in the Jew who lived among Gentiles. Years before he had followed the story of Leo Frank, the Jewish shoe manufacturer, until it had become an obsession with him. "When Frank was finally lynched by the mob, I could feel them lynching me," he said. "I

was sick at my stomach, and couldn't eat nor sleep. There was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him. The feeling was so strong because he was a Jew. Later, a Negro confessed and Frank was vindicated. But ten years too late."

In his turn, Hoffman saw the same mob-frenzy begin to rise against himself. "Lynch the Jew with the bone-rimmed spectacles!" A 13-year-old girl identified him as the man in the car. She had been standing at a cross-roads with some school children and had recognized Mrs. Bauer, from a considerable distance, in the Ford sedan with a stranger. Other witnesses testified that he had been in Tottenville, at the end of the Island, at almost the same time. Hoffman had lost his head, and in his terror had provided the circumstantial evidence that had nearly sent him to the electric chair.

During the five years that he was in prison, he learned that his wife had gone off with another man, and that his youngest child had been committed to an orphan asylum. In the end, the State acknowledged its mistake, and restored his freedom to him. But the State said nothing of any restitution for the disasters its blunder had caused him: the loss of his family, his reputation, his savings, his health, and five years of his life. His agony when con-

fronted with the electric chair, and the gradual undermining of his spirit, were forgotten. The State was finished with him, and if he had been broken by the process, that was his misfortune.

But he had his freedom; surely that was all he needed? He emerged from the court house thin and weak, clinging to his lawyer for protection. A mob had gathered to see him come out, not hostile this time, but morbidly curious. Flashlights blazed. The crowd had an extra flip for its curiosity, because Hoffman himself had increased his danger by his own obstinacy: the prosecution had been willing to accept a plea of guilty to second-degree manslaughter. Conviction under this charge would virtually have freed him, for he would have been given credit for the years already spent in prison. But he had insisted on vindication, or death.

In his lawyer's office, he was asked how it felt to be free. He said lifelessly, "I want to go back to the Raymond Street jail to get my things." And when nobody paid any attention to this, he asked if he could visit his daughter in the orphanage. Others decided that the next day would be time enough for these visits. The wife who had deserted him, and been deserted in turn by her second husband, hovered about him. On Hoffman's acquittal, she had thrown herself into his

arms, but he had stared at her with suspicion.

Since he now had no home, he went to a friend's house. He stumbled as he stepped into a taxi. "Patrol wagons have roomier steps," he commented. The taxi's windshield had a hole in the glass. "If a murder had been committed near here," said Hoffman, "those circumstantial evidence lawyers would say someone in this taxi did it."

That evening his friends returned his gold ring and camera. He polished the ring on his cuff, but kept talking of going back to the jail for his things. There were two dirty shirts, a mirror, a comb and brush, a toothbrush, and a 98-cent watch. His friends were annoyed by his insistence, and his inability to share in the gaiety of the occasion. But he had forgotten how to crack jokes and laugh.

When he was shown his bed for the night, he found it too soft to sleep on. He stripped off the mattress, and slept on a single blanket on the springs. In the morning, his prison habits woke him at five o'clock. He slipped out of the house and went back to the Raymond Street jail for his things. Someone had stolen his comb and brush, and his toothbrush. The keepers gave

him his two shirts, his watch, and six cents that were coming to him on his account. The State does better by its convicted prisoners that have served their sentence. It gives them ten dollars with which to start life over again. To be sure, Hoffman's spectacles, which had been held for five years as evidence, were returned to him. But the Ford sedan, which was also held by the State, was not mentioned.

At noon that day, Hoffman sat in a restaurant in the Bronx, enjoying the glorious advantages of freedom. But the ungrateful man refused to be happy. His former wife, from whom he had been alienated by the events of the past years, sat in silence opposite him. His younger daughter was in an orphan asylum. Mildred, now ten years old, gazed uncomprehendingly from one unhappy parent to the other. But a child could not be expected to understand that the State had fulfilled its obligations when it had paid her father his six cents.

At a nearby table his lawyer was giving an interview to a reporter:

"Yes, they are going to begin life afresh," he said with a benevolent gesture toward the Hoffman family, "right where they left off five years ago."



How Safe Is It to Fly?

Excerpts from The Review of Reviews (July, '29)

Herbert Brucker

THE Department of Commerce informs us that one month from now, in August, American airplanes carrying passengers, mail, express, and freight will fly, day in and day out, no less than *seventy-five thousand miles a day*. This includes only regular flights over time-table routes. It omits countless thousands of private hops, sight-seeing and taxi rides.

How safe is it to fly? It depends entirely on how, and in what, you fly. With a safe craft and pilot doing sane flying, the chances of trouble are no greater than when you take a Sunday automobile drive.

Life-insurance companies no longer exclude airplane deaths from the accidents for which they pay insurance, but they lack comprehensive figures on which to base their rate for professional aviators. At present the companies which offer this insurance ask an additional premium of about \$25 per thousand for those whose daily business it is to fly. This is high, perhaps doubling the normal life insurance rate for a healthy young man of 25.

There are other yardsticks which measure the danger of

leaving the ground. Consider the Navy. Here flying does not depend so much on the desire for safety as the demands of the task in hand. Yet in two days' operations last February the Navy flew 350 planes an average of four hours each. This meant 1400 hours in the air, or 140,000 miles flown. There was not one casualty.

Or take a long-time experience of the Navy. In the fiscal year 1921-'22 there were 2,500,000 miles flown and 14 naval fliers killed. In 1927-'28 there were 13,728,600 miles flown and 28 killed. In other words, the number of deaths per million miles flown has dropped to one-third in six years. The record last year was 392,300 miles flown for each death. To answer the question how safe is the airplane, then, one can say this: that on the basis of the difficult flying done last year by naval aviators a man could fly 392,200 miles — which would take him 19 years, even if he were a frequent flier — before he would be killed.

This general conclusion is borne out by the Army's experience. Although the amount of Army flying has almost tripled in seven years, the number of fatalities has shrunk to one-third. Last year

there was, approximately, a death for every 351,700 miles flown. Roughly this indicates that an average man could fly — on military tasks and in intricate military maneuvers — some 17½ years before having a fatal crash.

The air mail, with its pressure of getting through in fog, rain, or snow, day or night, is by no means so safe as properly regulated civilian flying. Perhaps because it does not require maneuvering and formation flying it is less hazardous than military aviation. Certainly the figure set up by government mail flyers in 1927, the last full year before the air mail was turned over to private contractors, shows how safe flying can be made, even under the rigorous demands of the postal service. The record shows no less than 2,583,006 miles flown with but a single fatality. A man who flies with great frequency has perhaps 200 hours, or 20,000 miles, in the air a year. At this air-mail rate of casualty, then, our continually flying private citizen could fly for 129 years before he would be killed. And private flying should be safer than mail flying, which neither rain nor snow nor gloom of night may halt.

An experience more nearly like

that of the American who flies for his own pleasure or business, however, is that of the Canadian Light Airplane Clubs. These clubs were formed last year, with government subsidy, to promote civilian flying. By the end of the year there were 15 of them. During 1928 their combined membership of 2403 made a total of 25,357 flights lasting 8124 hours — presumably 812,400 miles of airplane travel. Much of this was student flying, far more dangerous than the flying of qualified pilots; yet the total number killed was three. This means 270,800 miles of flight per death.

It must be admitted that all these figures apply only to properly regulated flying. There were, in all the United States last year, 1062 accidents in civilian flying; 384 persons were killed and 709 injured. Only a small number of these accidents, however, happened to licensed craft in properly controlled flying. During the last six months of the year, for example, scheduled flying on regular airways caused only 7.7 percent of the total number of deaths and injuries. And for purposes of comparison it might be pointed out that grade-crossing accidents alone, last year, took 2568 lives, and injured 6667 persons.



Wall Street Does NOT Rule Us

Condensed from The Forum (July, '29)

William Bennett Munro, Professor of Government, Harvard University

BUSINESS does control the government, but not as the result of a conspiracy, nor in a dictatorial way, nor against the consent of the governed. And it is not big business alone that exercises the control. Little business has become its ally. In a word, the American electorate has become indoctrinated with the business point of view.

We have become a property-minded nation. In Europe, the World War and the subsequent inflation served not only to diminish the sum-total of wealth but to narrow its distribution. The middle class declined in size and the proletariat expanded. But in the United States the outcome was precisely the reverse. Literally millions of Americans have been pushed during the past dozen years into the category of property owners.

Study, for example, the list of small stockholders in any of the large industrial corporations. Or look at the steady expansion in savings banks deposits, brought about mainly by the increased number of small accounts. All in all, we have become a nation of capitalists, big and little, with more of them to the square mile

than can be found anywhere else on earth.

Naturally, a nation of capitalists will inevitably show friendliness to capitalism. It will refuse to get stirred up over issues which would cause great popular commotion in countries less well endowed with material wealth.

Moreover, this desire to increase one's own worldly prosperity is by no means a reprehensible trait when we bear in mind that under modern conditions of industrial production, the individual prosperity of one man cannot be increased very far without furthering the economic advantage of others. Every profitable day's work on the farm, for example, produces two or three days' employment for workers in the flour mills and the packing plants, on the railroads and in the banks. Hence the farmer has been one of our chief city-builders. Similarly, the prosperity of the industrial worker, his increased purchasing power, and his higher standard of living all react to the benefit of agriculture. Prosperity cannot be kept in quarantine. There is fundamentally no conflict of interest between industry and agriculture, although the

rabble-rousers have tried to make people believe the contrary.

The true test of an economic order is whether it tends to promote a wide diffusion of material comfort among all classes of people. The standard of living among American farmers and industrial workers has reached a higher level than the world has ever seen at any other time or in any other place.

Socialist writers assume that the greed of the capitalist is the basis of individualism; they ignore the acquisitive passion of the great multitudes. The desire of the masses for comfort and security is the real basis upon which a capitalist system rests. Without that basis it could not endure a single decade. Ever since the day that man was condemned to earn bread by the sweat of his brow he has been devising means whereby to get the most bread for the least sweat.

To the great majority of men, accordingly, the immediate measure of civilization is the purchasing power of a day's labor. Nor is this statement so materialistic as it sounds, for the creation of an economic surplus is an essential prelude to any real advance in the realm of science, letters, and the arts. In the sequence of civilization, profits have always antedated poetry, and shopkeepers have come on the scene

before sculptors. All higher culture has made its greatest advance in rich and prosperous nations during rich and prosperous epochs. Figs do not grow on thistles, or universities spring out of barren soil. Large-scale production under corporate management will provide immense resources for cultural advance if we give it time and opportunity.

It is of course true that we have had spasms of dollar diplomacy, and that American marines have at times gone to places where they had no right to be. But this national selfishness has not been the dominating factor of American foreign relations. Was the granting of independence to Cuba, for example, a sign of governmental control by big business? Or Roosevelt's mediation which brought to a close the war between Russia and Japan in 1905? Or Coolidge's attempt to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute?

So with the making and enforcement of laws at home. The money power has at times perverted both. But go to the fundamentals of legislation. There have been four amendments to the Constitution during the last half century, the era in which business has grown big. These amendments dealt with the federal taxation of incomes, the direct election of United States senators, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, and the nation-wide es-

tablishment of woman suffrage. The opposition in each case came chiefly from big business.

Was it big business that impelled the establishment of public service commissions in all the states, or the use of the direct primary in most of them? Has big business been behind the movement for campaign-fund publicity, the initiative and referendum, the short ballot, municipal home rule, the taxation of inheritances, and the anti-usury laws?

Was it big business that inspired Roosevelt's conservation policy, or secured Wilson's backing for the Adamson law, or compelled the regionalizing of the Federal Reserve system, or put the brakes on immigration, or caused Congress to propose to the states a national child labor amendment, or set the Federal Trade Commission at work on the investigation of educational propaganda by public utilities? Was Mr. Hoover's recent action in withdrawing oil lands a sign of his subservience to the corporate exploiter? For every instance of governmental control by big business one can readily produce an illustration to the contrary. The three most powerful lobbies operating at Washington in recent years have been those of the Farm Bureau Federation, the Anti-Saloon League, and the American Federation of Labor.

Big business is not behind any of them.

Perversions of justice in our courts are by no means wholly attributable to the pressure of the propertied interests. It is difficult to convict a million dollars (Mr. Sinclair's experience notwithstanding); but have our criminal courts displayed any conspicuous zeal in sending to jail the racketeers and gangsters who prey upon legitimate business? Out of a perverted judicial organization, perversions of justice are bound to come. But property is not the instigator of judicial incompetence, for it is property that has most to lose when law and order break down.

Who own the earth will rule it. This has always been true and will be to the end of time. It is an axiom of political science that the distribution of power normally follows the distribution of property. To the degree, therefore, that we have a wide diffusion of material wealth among the people of any nation, their government would seem to be approaching the democratic ideal rather than moving away from it. It is hardly a sound indictment of a democracy to argue that its people have become prosperous, that prosperity lessens their grievances, and that, having fewer grievances, they do not register as much resentment at the polls as they used to do.

A Farmer Goes to Sea

Condensed from the World's Work (July, '29)

Freeman Tilden

WHEN the *Silverbelle* slid out of San Francisco harbor last November, bound for the Orient, she carried a farmer named Frank T. Elliott. The *Silverbelle*, a new ship of the type that is revolutionizing traffic in perishable commodities, has 1320 tons' measurement of refrigerator space. In that space Elliott had 2000 packages of grapes, apples, lettuce, and celery, most of it raised on his own California farm. His intention was to sell those fruits and vegetables in Oriental ports, where such things had never been sold before. Most of the people who knew of his venture merely remarked, "It's a shame he should go broke this way."

Perhaps Elliott thought he might as well go broke in the Far East as on his own farm. Back of his trip was the problem facing American agriculture: the farms, with improved machinery, produce more and more; and the American consumer eats less and less. Gone, for instance, is the big breakfast of wheat cakes, cereal, eggs, and bacon, doughnuts, pie, and coffee. America has food to export. And yet there are millions of people in the outlands

of the world who have actually never known what it was to have all they wanted to eat. Could they buy American food?

It has been the conclusion for many years that foreign markets were always at the saturation point. Elliott found that this was not true in the Orient. He made Japan his first objective. It turned out that he had struck his poorest market first, though the situation here was interesting. He found that the Japanese have heard of these things called vitamins, and actually propose to use them to raise the stature of the Japanese people. Hence they are doing a great deal of talking about getting more food with vitamins in it. But the tariff laws of the country keep such products out. On fruits and vegetables the duty is 100 percent ad valorem. Though many California fruits can be delivered as cheaply in Japan as in New York, California oranges are selling in Japan for 35 or 40 cents apiece.

In Shanghai Elliott ran up against the age-old Chinese guild idea. He found that all the principal dealers in fruits and imported vegetables were incorporated into a nice, solid guild

with central headquarters. Members of this guild have to report to headquarters everything they buy and the price paid for it. They have the American commission merchants looking like solitaire players when it comes to teamwork. Yet the guild was greatly interested in what the American farmer had brought in the refrigerator. They made him an offer on 500 lugs of grapes at a price slightly lower than he was prepared to take, and he declined. An English firm, however, bought a hundred lugs of grapes and were greatly satisfied with their quality and condition. The whole cargo that was taken across the Pacific by Elliott was the last word in quality and packed with the idea of getting it to the Asiatic consumer in as good condition as though it had just come from the orchard. The bulging boxes, which do very well for domestic shipments, but offer a fine opportunity for the fingers of the coolie handlers, had not been used.

In Shanghai there are said to be 70,000 Chinese in the quality-buying class. A San Franciscan, just home after a long stay in China, is authority for the statement that there are more millionaires in China than in the United States. This seems hard to credit, at first glance, but on a relative basis, comparing the buying power of the dollar,

country for country, it may be so.

"I am convinced," says Elliott, "that personal contact is absolutely necessary to begin trade with the Orient. The Oriental merchant is flooded, just as the American business man is, with advertising letters which simply go into the wastebasket.

"When I went there in person I was received most courteously everywhere. I usually cabled ahead to my next stop the fact that I was arriving on a certain day with my wares, and the merchants who were interested would be waiting for me."

The voyaging farmer next went to Manila and then to Cebu, in the Philippines. From there to Surabaya, in Java. In this port Elliot found an Arabian Jewish merchant who was just opening a fruit market with 16 branches. To his surprise, the Californian found that some of the grapes he had dropped in Shanghai had beat him into Java and were on display in the Java markets. Usually tiny samples were laid upon a leaf and bought by the natives as a rare treat.

In Batavia and Singapore Elliott found the demands for his fruits so lively that he could have sold out entirely, but preferred to keep his samples and take orders for the future.

Then he went to Bangkok, in Siam. As he boarded a little

steamer, and watched the last-minute loading operations, he was surprised to see lugs of grapes with his own label on them being hoisted aboard. They, too, were on their way to Bangkok, having been resold by one of the Singapore dealers. This shipment was being carried along by one of the boys of the crew according to the peculiar arrangement existing in that part of the world. These sailors get, instead of wages, a bit of space in the hold of the steamship, and from the sale of this freight space to their merchant relatives they get their stipend. In Bangkok also Elliott found business good, and had the experience of paying \$1.50 for a bunch of his own grapes at one of the markets. Despite their long trip out of refrigeration, they were pretty good.


Finally Elliott arrived in Saigon, French Indo-China, the "Paris of the Orient." Great is this modern world of communications! In the markets of Saigon Elliott saw Florida grapefruit which had been shipped out of Vancouver to Hongkong, and thence had been purveyed into Indo-China. And here the voyaging farmer found a fine market awaiting him. It seems incredible, but it is evidently a fact, that a city like Saigon should be dependent upon shipments from

France of fresh vegetables. A few inferior vegetables drift down from the interior, but the well-to-do natives and the French colonials will not eat them. Almost the first thing Elliott was asked was: "Can you send us some artichokes from California?"

Also, they wanted lettuce, celery, anything good, green, and free from germs. For here, as in China, Europeans will not eat green-leaf vegetables raised locally since the Chinese gardener has ideas about fertilization which are both repulsive and unsanitary. Therefore the sea-going farmer from the States was welcomed.

From Saigon to Hongkong, and then home. That is the log of the California farmer who put to sea in a ship with the truck of his own farm.

It would be a shame to blunt the point of Frank Elliott's achievement by overstatement: but what he has done is to show that there is a quality market in the Orient for the choicest American fruits far exceeding anybody's dreams. He has opened an export trade that will bring millions of dollars to the West Coast of America. And that is doing a good deal, for one young man and for one four months' trip.



Gene Tunney—Architect of Life

Condensed from the Delineator (July, '29)

William Lyon Phelps, Professor of English at Yale University

ON Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, 1928, Gene Tunney addressed one of my classes at Yale. He told them they had had every advantage and he had had none; but if they really wished to accomplish anything, they would have to do it as he had done it, by their own unaided efforts. "Your professors may inspire you, but they cannot learn your lessons for you; you may have influential friends, but your success will depend on yourself." He proceeded to illustrate by his experiences with Shakespeare. He had made up his mind ten years before that he ought to know something about Shakespeare. He began with *Winter's Tale*, a difficult play. He read it through carefully and could make nothing of it. He therefore read it through carefully ten times, and then, and not till then, did he make it his own.

How many other men have read one of Shakespeare's plays through ten times in immediate succession? But that action was characteristic of Tunney's tenacity and perseverance. He is an architect of life and character. As he told the boys of Hotchkiss School, will power can be de-

veloped like the biceps. Character is not inherited but is molded by the individual. One may forgive slackness in others, but never in oneself.

The paradox about Gene Tunney is that he achieved the kind of success one associates with quite other activities than boxing. Instead of being followed around by satellites, ringsters, gamblers, and toughs, he attained national and international prominence. He has wealth, social position, the friendship of men of letters, leisure for foreign travel, magnificent health, opportunities for the best culture, good books, the chance to hear the best music and the taste to enjoy it, invitations to meet the intellectual leaders of Europe, a wide circle of friends, and what he rightly ranks above every other gift, a wife who combines social charm with a spiritual mind.

When he finished his last match in the ring, he went to his best friends (who had not been present) and said laconically, "That's that." He meant it. He will never enter the ring again, perhaps not even as a spectator. He had reached the summit. And during his career he regarded himself,

not as a fighter, but as a boxer, who mastered the fine art of boxing in accordance with the ancient classical traditions, where boxing was on a par with running and wrestling. His enemies had to admit that he was the best boxer in the world, and his dignified supremacy is shown by the fact that the editors of the Encyclopedia Britannica asked him to write the article on boxing. He probably devoted more serious thought to boxing than any of his predecessors had been either able or willing to do.

I once asked Gene Tunney what qualities were required for the championship, and he named them as follows: 1. Unusual strength. 2. Supple agility and speed — which are rare in combination with great strength. 3. Courage. Tunney told me (and without a shade of conceit) that he was not afraid of anybody or anything. 4. Ability to take punishment without being disabled. 5. Complete control of the nerves.

That last quality is immensely important. Prize fighters suffer from insomnia even more than brain workers, and it is easy to see why. The ordinary prize fighter is not a man of many intellectual resources; he cannot divert his mind with a variety of things. As the day of his contest draws near, his nerves become frazzled. He cannot exercise every

moment, and when he is not in full bodily activity, he finds it difficult to relax and feel cheerful. I envy Tunney his nerve control more than his strength or agility.

And right here is something of value to everyone, without regard to the nature of his work. Tunney regards it as most fortunate that he loved good books, music, etc., quite apart from the intrinsic value of these things; because, during his week of active training, he could at any moment divert his mind by reading or listening to the piano. If a man's mind becomes hag-ridden by one thought, the nerves go to pieces. The brain must have variety; thus the more avocations a man has outside his work, the more efficiently he will do that work, and the fresher his mind will be.

Tunney has been aided by an extreme sensitiveness to beauty. Stephen Phillips' poem, "Marpessa," is one of his favorites, and he carries it everywhere with him. Another of his best-loved poets is Francis Thompson, one of the most original, imaginative, and spiritual of modern writers. In music, the études of Chopin move him more deeply than anything else. Among living novelists, his most intimate friend is Thornton Wilder.

Thousands of educated people do very little thinking. I speak advisedly when I say that Gene

Tunney has done much sincere and honest thinking; he has meditated deeply on life and humanity and character; he is an amateur psychologist.

His nature illustrates the difference between confidence and conceit. His cheerful confidence never made him careless, either in the ring or out of it. He made his own training rules and never departed from them. And even when he was not in training, he kept himself in condition by neither smoking nor drinking, by being careful in diet, *and by not getting excited*. On the day he fought Dempsey at Chicago, he had a good dinner at three o'clock, then read Somerset Maugham's difficult novel, *Of Human Bondage*, for an hour and a half, and then slept tranquilly for an hour!

Confidence means two things: it means that one is certain of one's ability to perform the assigned task; and secondly, it means that one *enjoys* the work in the assurance that one can do it well. The great surgeon goes to the hospital, not with fear and trembling, but with the certainty that he will do his work well; and so he is happy in his work. This is absolutely different from conceit, which means that one misunderstands oneself in relation to any proposed undertaking.

The fact that Gene Tunney does not misunderstand himself or his place is shown by a remark

he made in his talk on Shakespeare. He said that Ulysses, Shakespeare's wise man, told Achilles that the past counted for nothing; the present alone is what interests the public. "I apply that to myself," he said. "I am asked to speak on Shakespeare to this class because I am *now* heavyweight champion; but do you suppose the public will take the slightest interest in me ten years hence?"

The battles he fought with the gloves were symbols of his whole life, which has been a continuous battle. As a boy in Greenwich Village he did his own thinking. This was also true of him as a shipping clerk, as a marine in France, and as he fought his way up to the boxing championship. His prodigious success at the age of 30 is largely owing to the character-chart he made for himself at 15, which he faithfully followed.

What I like best in him is his *genuineness*. He is always himself. He learns from others and imitates no one. He never expresses an opinion about a book unless he has read it himself and thought about it. Moreover, he is not only sincere and thoughtful; he has a warm heart. He will never be content with mere success. He values ideas more than things, and will not remain satisfied unless he feels that he has done some good in the world.

Four Great Immoralities of Christianity

Condensed from The American Magazine (July, '29)

An interview with Dr. E. Stanley Jones by George W. Gray

DR. E. STANLEY JONES, home on furlough in 1925, was urged by a church executive to take a month off and write of his 17 years' experience as a missionary in India. This book, *The Christ of the Indian Road*, became a best seller, to the extent of nearly 400,000 copies. Suddenly this modest missionary found himself an international figure. He was being quoted all over Christendom. His church elected him bishop; he endured the office 24 hours and then resigned, praying to be allowed to go back to his work.

Last winter Dr. Jones was home again on furlough. Night after night he addressed great mass meetings in cities throughout the United States.

"I once asked Gandhi, the great Indian leader, what we should do for Christianity in India," said Dr. Jones.

"Gandhi replied: 'I would suggest four things: First, that you Christians should begin to live more like Christ; second, that you practice your religion without adulterating it; third, that you make *love* your working force; and fourth, that you study the non-Christian faiths more sympatheti-

cally in order to have a more sympathetic approach to the people.'

"I resolved to put these four points into practice. My chief emphasis should be the production of Christlike character. Since then, I have gone all over India and have everywhere received the most cordial reception. I have even been invited to preach in Hindu temples, and have had Moslem and Hindu chairmen preside at my meetings.

"The Indians see a distinction between Christ and Christianity. A 'Christian' is a member of the church system which India looks on as alien, bound up with foreign prejudices and superiority complexes, a prop to imperialism. But a 'Christian man' means a man of Christlike character — and in all India today there is no figure that stands so high as Jesus. That is one of the major developments of the last decade. The Mohammedan leader of India praised Gandhi as 'that Christlike man.' And the leader of the bitterly anti-Christian organization extolled their hero Gandhi as 'this modern Christ.'

"But hundreds of thousands in India who reverence Christ

will not go into a Christian church to hear about Him. No wonder! Two years ago a great Christian conference was held in Switzerland. All the leading denominations but one were there, and the purpose was to consider the reunion of the churches. But they were so far apart that the delegates could not even join together in the Lord's Supper.

"In India, prominent Roman Catholics have joined in our conferences, where we meet, not to argue, but simply to share our experience of Christ. It is remarkable how close we find ourselves — Catholics, Protestants, High, Low, and Evangelical — when we simply ignore our denominational labels and all they imply, and think in terms of Christ's standards only.

"I travel all over India, but I will not hold a meeting in a city unless the missionaries there unite. We are in a state of *Almost in India. Never would united spiritual backing from America and Europe count so much as now — but the mother churches are preoccupied with divisions, differences, petty squabbles for prestige, fundamentalism, modernism, the fear of the Pope. Oh, for a cleansing down to relevancy, to reality — a clearing of the way for Christ.*

"Four great hindrances stand in the way. *First* is this religious snobbery, the ugly side of denominationalism. *Second* is the ap-

palling dearth of reality in the religious life of great numbers of professed Christians. *Third* is race prejudice. *Fourth* is economic exploitation.

"Four great immoralities of Christianity — that is the way the East regards them. Everywhere the world is demanding of religion that it be lived and not merely talked. The greatest Hindu teacher of modern times, Swami Shraddhanand, was at the point of accepting Christianity. After a long struggle, he went to a Christian priest to be baptized. But he saw something there that shocked his moral sense, so he turned back and dedicated himself to Hinduism. It is not only the grosser hypocrisies that give the lie to religion. The smugness, the dullness, the mechanical routine that passes for religion and is only religious respectability — these things smother the soul.

"Reality is the deepest demand of this age, despite prevalent materialism. A big business man asked me to have lunch with a group at a very exclusive club. As we talked together after eating, they were no longer millionaires — they were men wanting God. One of them rode with me to my next appointment. 'I want you to pray for me, please,' he said. 'I have money, possessions, everything but the real thing. And I want it.'

"In another American city a

wealthy society woman asked me to dine at her home. 'Somebody inveigled me into reading your book,' she said. 'I dipped into it only to keep a promise. After I started I had to read it through. Then I sat down by the fire to think it over, and a warm, healing presence came into my heart. Since then I've been straightening up my heart. I used to be snobbish and use people to my purposes. But now I feel differently — more charitable. I had refused to be president of a musical society because there were too many Jews in it. Now I'll take the office. I'm ashamed of my snobbery, my selfishness, my hatreds.'

"A person cannot pattern his life after Christ's and at the same time snub or lord it over other people. A recognition of brotherhood must follow.

"Everything in the United States that touches on racial animosities, color prejudice, exploitation of weaker people, is headlined in the Indian papers. Years ago when speaking in the Punjab, a man in the audience blurted out, 'What do you think of the K. K. K.?' I had hardly heard of the revival of the Ku Klux Klan then, yet the Indians knew of it.

"At another meeting I was interrupted with this question, 'What are you doing in regard

to the rights of the Indians in America?' And another sent up this written question: 'After the passage of your immigration law in America, aren't you ashamed to desecrate the platforms of India?'

"Asia's grievance is not against our right to exclude immigration, but against our discrimination. If India, China, and Japan were put on the same quota basis as the rest of the world, only 250 people from these countries would have to be admitted. The subject is such a sore point with Asiatic nations that it is impossible for our government to get their coöperation to stop smuggling many times that number into the United States annually.

"'Jesus is ideal and wonderful,' said Bara Dada, the philosopher of India, 'but you Christians — you are not like Him.'

"When Christian peoples cease to exploit weaker peoples — when they quit discriminating solely because of race and color — when they adopt religion as a life to be lived rather than a lot of things to do — when the denominations begin to practice genuine good will among themselves and also toward the non-Christian world — then, and then only, will the road be cleared for Christ through the highways of the earth."



Fishing with the Cormorant in Japan

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (July, '29)

Dr. E. W. Gudger, American Museum of Natural History

CORMORANT fishing in the rivers and lakes of Japan is carried on both as a sporting and as a commercial proposition. As a regular sporting attraction, usually carried on at night, it attracts a large number of sight-seers among the Japanese, and barges with lanterns, servants, and refreshments carry the visitors to the fishing grounds.

A writer in the *London Times*, Major-General Palmer, gives a clear account of how the fishing is done at night, by the light of great cages of blazing pine-knots suspended over the bow of each boat to attract the fish:

"There are, to begin with, four men in each of the seven boats before us, one of whom, at the stern, has no duty but that of managing his craft. In the bow stands the master, handling no fewer than 12 trained birds with surpassing skill. Amidships is another fisher, of the second grade, who handles four birds only. Between them is the fourth man who, with a bamboo instrument, makes the clatter necessary for keeping the birds up to their work. Each cormorant wears at the base of its neck a metal ring, drawn tight enough to prevent

marketable fish from passing below it, but at the same time loose enough to admit the smaller prey, which serves as food. Round the body is a cord, having attached to it at the middle of the back a short strip of stiffish whalebone, by which the great awkward bird may be conveniently lowered into the water or lifted out when at work; and to this whalebone is looped a thin rein of spruce fiber, 12 feet long, and so far wanting in pliancy as to minimize the chance of entanglement.

"The master lowers his 12 birds one by one into the stream and gathers their reins into his left hand; and forthwith the cormorants set to at their work in the heartiest and jolliest way, diving and ducking with wonderful swiftness as the astonished fish come flocking toward the blaze of light. The master is now the busiest of men. He must handle his 12 strings so deftly that, let the birds dash hither and thither as they will, there shall be no impediment. He must have his eyes everywhere and his hands following his eyes. Specially he must watch for the moment when any of his flock is gorged — a fact generally made known by the

bird itself, which then swims about in a foolish, helpless way, with its head and swollen neck erect. Thereupon the master, shortening in on that bird, lifts it aboard, forces its bill open with his left hand, which still holds the rest of the reins, squeezes out the fish with his right, and starts the creature off on a fresh foray — all with such admirable dexterity that in another moment the whole flock is again perfectly in hand."

This account gives the reader an excellent idea of this combined sport and business. As for the cormorants,

"... they are trained when quite young, being caught with bird-lime on the coasts. Once trained, they work well up to 15, often up to 19 or 20 years of age; and though their keep in winter bears hardly on the masters, they are very precious and profitable hunters during the five-months' season. For one bird will catch about 150 fish of four or five inches length in an hour," or 450 for the usual three-hour fishing trip. Every bird in a flock has and knows its number; and one of the funniest things about them is the quick-witted jealousy with which they invariably insist, by all that cormorant language and panto-

mimic protest can do, on due observance of their recognized rights. No. 1, or "Ichi," is the senior in rank. His colleagues come after him in numerical order. Ichi is the last to be put into the water and the first to be taken out, the first to be fed, and the last to enter the baskets in which, when work is over, the birds are carried home. If, for instance, No. 5 be put into the water before No. 6, the rumpus that arises is a sight to see and a sound to hear."

Cormorants are also used in another way — by men wading in streams. The cormorants are often as eager as pointer dogs, and apparently full of perfect enjoyment. To the right and left they plunge with lightning strokes, each dip bringing up a shining fish. When the fish are sorted the small fish are thrown first to one bird and then to another. Each bird catches his share "on the fly" and makes a sound which doubtless means that he likes the fun and will be glad to try it again at the proper time.

[Note: *The author quotes at length from the accounts of many ancient and contemporary writers to show that this time-honored Japanese sport is carried on now much as it has been for centuries.*]



On the Wings of the Wind

Condensed from The National Geographic Magazine (June, '29)

Howard Siepen

MAN'S dream of flying on outstretched wings is as old as man himself. In the new glider device developed in Germany, with no artificial power at all, he may cross mountains and valleys, cruise far out to sea, hang on a cloud and ride it for hours, or even remain almost motionless in air, like a hawk ready to swoop.

Already man is coming to share what birds have always known about the air. He finds it will support him, as water carries a swimmer, if he will but handle his glider wings as soaring birds handle theirs.

Major von Tschudi, a German aeronaut, tells us how, cruising one day in a balloon, he saw a flock of storks soaring along. Suddenly, to his amazement, they rose almost vertically, without so much as a flap of the wing. While he was still marveling, the balloon, too, began to rise rapidly, as if by magic force . . . "I know now, after what gliding has taught us, that I had simply struck one of those vertical air currents, the same current on which the lazy storks were taking a free ride up to a higher altitude."

In Germany today some 200 glider clubs exist, and in 1928 about 10,000 flights and short glides were made. At the autumn "motorless airplane" competition in the Rhön Mountains, 105 machines participated. Three thousand schoolboys took official instruction in 1928.

Between gliding and what they call "sail flying" the Germans make a sharp distinction. During a glide the plane steadily loses altitude until it lands. A "sail flight," on the contrary, is one in which the machine either maintains or increases its elevation.

Flying in a 300-pound plane with no motor in it seems less miraculous to the man on the ground when he hears how it is built. The conspicuous feature of the sail plane is its very long, narrow wings — sometimes as much as 59 feet in length and less than 5 feet in width. Narrow the wings must be, for broad ones would create too many eddies, and long they must be to provide lifting surface. In launching, an elastic rope device is used, which shoots the plane into the air like a stone from a sling.

The pilot must maintain this speed by pressing down the nose

of the plane. Gravity will then draw it in a gently slanting line of flight, called a glide. Thus the gravity of the earth is the engine of the engineless airplane.

The fact that the sail plane continues to glide downward while the vertical air currents are carrying it up may seem as involved as Einstein's theory; but listen to the explanation of Robert Kronfeld: "Suppose you let a model glider fly down from the ceiling at one end of a room to the floor at the other end; and imagine a giant lifting the whole room high up into the air; then the model plane would be gaining in altitude while gliding downward."

No factor in gliding is so useful as the vertical air column. Of all such currents, the best known and most used is that called the "slope upward," found in mountainous country. It is created when an air current hits a hillside and rushes upward. By starting against this, a sail plane easily gains altitude.

"From a hilltop of the Wasserkuppe I shot off into space like a torpedo, by using just such a 'slope-upward' air stream," said Wolfram Hirth, a contestant in the 1928 glider meet in the Rhön Mountains.

"Low clouds were near and in a few turns I was among them. Silent as a ghost, I floated gently, with a feeling of utter detachment

from all earthly things. Fantastic thoughts of immortals carried on fleecy clouds came to me. Then out of the mists again, into bright sunshine.

"But in my drift in the clouds I had lost much height — so much so that I was nearly forced down. My tail-skid was actually scraping through the grass of a meadow when the upcurrent from a tiny break in the mountain slope threw me suddenly more than 90 feet straight up into the air! An 'air bump,' aviators would call that current. But it gave me elevation to go on over that mountain slope. Here a group of boys came running up as my skid swept the grass, hoping to see me land. But again I took the air, probably to their youthful disappointment.

"Cruising easily about for half an hour, I again found myself high in the clouds. Once more the dense mists folded about me. With no instruments aboard, I must have banked too steeply on a curve. A quick, powerful gust hit me unexpectedly and, in a split second, I was floundering in the most dangerous situation of all my career.

"Now the air fairly roared past — and I was falling. In an instant I fell out of the clouds, with one wing down, in a dizzy sideslip. But, once below the clouds, I could see the ground again and judge my position. A

quick, gentle pressure on the rudder and I was righted.

"Flying low, I went over the village of Sandberg toward a forest. No sail-flyer likes forests. They lack landing places. But I managed to keep safely above the trees by using every slope that offered upward wind, and finally got to a valley that proved to be that of the Saale River.

"But by this time I had again lost much altitude. In the valley lay the hamlet of Steinach. I cruised low over it. My sudden, silent appearance just over their heads greatly astonished the inhabitants, and they came running to see me land. But I had to disappoint them, too. Cruising steadily back and forth along a slope, I worked up high again.

"This shows how a glider, carefully using air currents, seems to be working miraculously against gravity. When I arrived over Steinach I was only a few yards above the housetops. Now, as I left the village, 20 minutes later, I was sailing comfortably at an elevation of 500 feet!

"Following the Saale Valley I passed over a large airdrome at Kissingen. But I decided to fly on. From slope to slope, across roads and forests, I flew, trying to go as far as possible. An air stream lifted me above another hill and I glided to the plain that lay beyond, landing at last smoothly on a meadow."

This airman's adventures show how a glider may fly where hills cause rising air streams. To a less extent, but also among seacoast sand dunes, air currents are formed strong enough to aid gliders. Sail-flying along a coast is not without its thrills. At the recent competition at Vauville, in France, Herr Hirth made an extraordinary flight over the sea.

"The sky was overcast, and with a strong upward wind I reached the clouds within a few seconds after taking off. I pushed upward through the mist, trusting to luck for reaching bright sky above. My calculations proved correct. The mist soon cleared, and I was soon sailing my great bird more than 1000 feet above the clouds.

"In order to circle around Cape Flamanville, a feat my comrades had failed to accomplish the day before, I flew fully two miles out across the sea. This, it should be remembered, was in a plane with no engine. I kept close watch on my 'power reservoir,' namely, my height, with the help of my altitude meter. I got around the cape safely.

"After having covered 17 miles, the most difficult stretch of my journey approached—rounding Cape Carteret. I sank rapidly, until I was barely 15 feet above the water. On my left towering rocks rose. Already the

spray of the breakers came splashing up to me. It was not a pleasant situation.

"Finally, however, I rounded the last corner of the cape and came out on a beautiful, wide bathing beach. It was the seaside resort of Cartaret.

"I landed smoothly, and hundreds of people came running, asking eager questions. 'Did you come from America?' 'Where are your propeller and engine?' Even a customs official appeared, demanding to see my passport. Then I was invited to dinner and much fêted."

One of the most interesting of all upward air currents is that which produces the cumulus cloud. This current may revolutionize the science of gliding, for it may enable a flyer to travel long distances. Edgar Dittmar established a new world's altitude record for gliders with the help of clouds. After he had worked himself to a height of about 175 feet, using various slope winds, he let himself be sucked up another 800 feet to clouds. It is essential, he told me, to fly close up to the clouds in order to get into their range. It is also necessary to pick out an advantageous position, for the cloud winds are not equally distributed. Dittmar now holds the world's record of more than 2500 feet over the starting point.

Germany's special interest in

motorless flying has been attributed in part to the fact that under the original provisions of the Versailles Treaty certain restrictions were placed upon the nation's aircraft development; so that her air-minded students perforce turned to the study and development of engineless flight. In the early days one could reach the Wasserkuppe field only on foot. Where once a few primitive sheds and a ramshackle inn sheltered the flyers, today there is a fine road leading to the hill-top, spectators arrive in char-à-bancs, and two hotels provide for their comfort.

The present world's record for a flight with one passenger, held by Ferdinand Schulz, a German school-teacher, is 9 hours and 21 minutes.

Conversation in a glider can be carried on as normally as in a room, owing to the absence of engine noise. The suggestion has been made, in fact, that on long flights the passenger should read aloud to the pilot.

On October 2, 1925, Ferdinand Schulz flew for the first time once around the clock, staying up 12 hours and 6 minutes. In 1927 he increased his time to 14 hours.

In 1928 a few German gliding men visited the United States.

Practice glides and soaring flights were made at Cape Cod. The longest of these was of four hours and five minutes duration.

Confessions of a Sun Worshiper

Condensed from The Nation (June 26, '29)

Stuart Chase

SOME people collect postage stamps, others, old masters.

I collect ultra-violet rays, preferably non-synthetic. In the city where I was reared, the institution I regard more sentimentally than any other is the L Street Bathhouse in South Boston. Here on a warm spring day nearly a score of years ago, I made my début into the society of sun-worshippers. Passing through the old warren of a bathhouse with its tier on tier of lockers, one emerged upon a strip of sandy beach, perhaps a hundred yards wide, flanked by high board fences that ran far into the water. Along the east fence, for the sun was in the west, lay and squatted and dozed a hundred naked men, nine out of ten of them colored like South Sea Islanders—and it was only early May. Naked they did not seem, but clothed in the most just and timeless covering of *homo sapiens*. But how naked I felt, creeping out to lie among them, a pale white wraith in a field of bronzes. Thereupon I resolved to clothe myself aright, and from that day to this the resolution has been kept.

I came again and again to L Street. Slowly the stark white

gave way to ever-deepening shades of brown. Slowly I learned the laws and dogmas of my cult. The high priest was a man named Richards. He wore a circular hat fashioned out of newspaper and nothing else. He was a teacher of music and would spend long hours enlarging on the monopolies, cabals, and high crimes of the House of Ricordi. He spoke with circumstantial precision, but without bitterness—for who lying in the sun can be bitter?—and about him sprawled a professor of English at Harvard, a policeman from Dorchester, a banker, a night-worker in a powerhouse, a famous criminal lawyer, an advertising man, a locomotive engineer, and a notorious gunman.

Interminable, drowsy conversations were always in process. We talked of law, science, government, women, crime, sports, history, races—without passion, with a detached philosophy which held, I am convinced, an authentic wisdom. The sun nourished that wisdom, that all-pervading tolerance. Beating down upon us, it ironed out the taut impetuosities, the nervous, hasty judgments, the bile and the bitterness

of men who walk the streets of modern cities in their clothes.

Our rules were few but strict. One never stood in a brother's sunlight. One never yelled, threw sand, or broke into conversation violently. It was mandatory to "take the water" at least once, whatever the time of year. Practical jokes of all kinds excluded one from the fellowship. As why should they not? An utterly relaxed body is in no psychological condition for practical jokes.

All winter long we came when the days were bright. If the sky was clear, the wind not too sharp, it was amazing how warm one could keep in a sheltered corner. Our color ebbed a little, but never really left us. Red copper gave way to pale mahogany. On Christmas day the hardest of us had a swimming race, with shivering reporters in attendance, who served it up with all the regularity of the annual groundhog story. We were the L Street Brownies, half man, half walrus.

Nobody had ever heard of ultra-violet in those days. Few of us arrived because of a doctor's orders — though there were doctors among us. But by and large we *knew*, with a profundity which mocks science, that what we were doing was good for our bodies and good for our souls.

I could not explain it then, and I cannot explain it now. I have known hundreds of men and

women who have loved to bathe, to lie on summer sands, to feel the sun striking into their marrows, but who have been utterly untouched by that deeper call which binds them eternally to Helios. In a way it is like a drug; a sunless month, and the world goes askew. But contrary to the laws of drugs the after-effects are never painful. (No accredited sun-worshiper is silly enough to burn his skin; he knows to the minute when he has had enough.) No, the after-effects are a sense of well-being, of calmed nerves, of inner vitality.

It takes time, patience, understanding, and perhaps above all, personal freedom to become a regular communicant. How shall a shop or office worker join when his nine-to-five schedule imprisons his body while the sun is at its best? We L streeters were, relatively speaking, free men. Some of us shifted our jobs, or indeed gave them up altogether, if they interfered with our devotions. Freedom, a head not readily overheated, a pagan regard for the comeliness and well-being of one's body, a ruminative turn of mind, a sound belief in the important function of laziness in life, a hatred of the round, silly face of a clock, an understanding of the irrelevancy of clothes — who shall say of what strange and primitive juices, what fantastic combination of electrons,

the true sun-worshiper is made?

L Street, I have not trod your sacred portals for many years, but your lessons have never been forgotten. I have bowed my body to the sun halfway around the world, in season and out, legally and illegally, whenever opportunity offered. And in what strange corners have I not met my brothers, practicing their devotions before scientific sanction was ever heard of. We are an old battalion. We have stripped in the teeth of all the *mores* and all the constables. We have kept on dune and ledge, and trafficked not with hospital and clinic.

Once I saw a million brothers, yea, and sisters, too. I witnessed the incredible spectacle of fifty thousand brown bodies in one work-day noon on the Mowcow River — some in bathing suits, some in trunks, perhaps the majority as God made them. What were systems of government in the face of this fact? These people were my people, and I cared not how deplorable their civil institutions.

A whole city throwing its clothes into the air! America, we shall undress and bronze you yet! Shall we? The prescriptions are going out by the thousands from the highest medical authorities, but if it is the natural sunlight you desire, in quantities greater than that provided by a bathing

suit, try and secure it. It has taken me a dozen years of skilled investigation to learn how to secure my share, nor am I always successful.

I have been associated with many reform movements in my life, and it is with considerable astonishment that I find one actually gaining ground. Two years ago a man was arrested at a Florida beach for appearing in trunks. A hasty signal from a brother was all that kept me from sharing his cell. This year, if you please, the municipality has provided two solariums, male and female, where one may spend the day without a stitch.

Most of this sun-worship I believe is profoundly good. Is it only a temporary craze? Will America strip by the million in the next few years, only to be back in its shroud in a decade? I neither know nor greatly care. If the republic wants to go native and can hold to it with any fidelity, it will probably do more than any other conceivable action to balance the inhibitions and pathological crippplings induced by the machine age and the monstrous cities in which we live. If it but wants a new fad to play with and presently to toss aside, I know where to find sheltered spots where comes the sun and the wind and men come not.

Marriage in Russia

Condensed from *Asia* (July, '29)

Maurice Hindus

NEVER before has the institution of the family been put to tests so severe as in Soviet Russia. I do not mean that a conscious effort is being made by the body in power to annihilate it, as in the case of religion and private property. But certainly no measures are being taken to compel its survival. "If, like a man of infirm body," explained a revolutionary to me, "the family must always lean on an outward crutch for support, then it had better go down in dust."

Private property has always served as one of the most binding family ties. Marxian socialists believe that the family arose "from the endeavor of a man to bequeath his wealth to his own children to the exclusion of all others." At any rate the family emphatically is the unit of economic accumulation. Consider the rush of the average American father to provide comfort, luxury, and even showiness for wife and children. On the rock of private property the family has been resting for centuries. But in Russia the most feverish efforts of the new society are directed toward the elimination of private property.

The decay of religion has perhaps no less bearing on the problem. Christianity has pronounced marriage the expression not only of the will of God but the florescence of man's spirit. Not even the state has been so jealous a guardian of the family as the church.

But in Russia today religion and church have ceased to hold sway over a vast proportion of the populace—notably the youth. "What therefore God hath joined together. . ."? Ridiculous, flames the revolutionary; no God has or can have anything to do with the joining of men and women. "Until death us do part"? Impossible! thunders the revolutionary. Life is too precious to be spent in waiting for death to redeem you from a union that may be blighting your every hour of existence.

Consider further the new attitude toward the family that youth is acquiring. How far out of tune it is with what we have in America, where young people plan, sacrifice, and achieve that they may eventually have a family of their own.

It is not so in Russia—not any longer. In kindergartens and

schools, in all the Young Communist organizations, Russian youths are made to feel that the supreme aim in life is not personal advancement, but the promotion of the purposes of the new society. They are habituated to the belief that the big tasks, the big adventures, the big glories, lie outside the portals of marriage. They are brought up, in fact, to depend on the club, the factory circle, the sporting organizations, the trade-unions and the other groups outside the home which are the carriers and the builders of the ideals of the new society.

Moreover, to the revolutionaries, the home is an economic monstrosity. Would it not be cheaper and socially better to have community kitchens, and community laundries, where experts with modern machinery do the work? Would it not be more politic to have community nurseries, where children would be tended by expert nurses? (In this latter plan, of course, mothers would be encouraged to see much of their children, and take them home at frequent intervals or every night.) The only real grievance I have often heard in Russia against state nurseries is, strangely enough, that the Communists are tardy in establishing them.

The new sex morality of the Russians constitutes still another threat to the stability of the fam-

ily. Law has nothing to do with sex behavior there, unless the element of prostitution is involved. Chastity is no longer a glory. There is no adultery in the Russian legal code, and contraception and abortions are legal, though both are frowned upon.

But though advocating complete freedom of action in matters of sex, the Communists make it clear to the individual that his own welfare and that of society demand that he refrain from yielding to flitting impulses. There is the question of personal health, which always must suffer through undisciplined indulgence. Besides, excess might lead to over-absorption in self and a waning interest in the social group and thus degrade one's social consciousness. "The proletarian," says Lenin, "is not in need of the intoxication of sex nor of alcohol." Nor must the individual ignore the esthetic aspect of sex. "Does a normal man," queries Lenin, "under normal conditions drink from a glass from which dozens have drunk?" The implication is quite clear.

The new marriage laws likewise hardly have an element of external compulsion. Couples may live together without even "inscribing themselves" in the registration office. The government does not bother them, and friends do not ostracize them. Divorce is as easy as marriage. If they

have "inscribed themselves" all they have to do is "write themselves out." Either husband or wife can obtain a divorce with or without the consent of the other. It is all informal and matter-of-fact. People stand in line for their divorce with the same display of patience and good nature that they show when they wait their turn to buy a loaf of bread.

The law of course steps in when there are children, not to hold the family together, but to make provision for the children, all of whom are legitimate, whether born in or out of wedlock. The parents must care for them. As a rule the mother receives the custody of the child and the father pays one-third of his salary till the child's 18th birthday; he pays more — but never more than half his earnings — if there is more than one child.

With the cards so stacked against it, is the family in Russia doomed to collapse? It has not yet fallen into ruins. Not at all. Divorce has not reached alarming proportions save in Moscow, where political tension, high prices, and above all an acute shortage in houses, with most families living in one room and sharing a kitchen with about half-a-dozen other families, have unnerved men and women and made them very irritable. In Moscow divorces, in the month

of March, 1928, actually exceeded marriages. But according to the data I have obtained for 1926 from the Central Statistical Bureau for European Russia, where live nearly 150,000,000 people and where divorce is most marked, there is only one divorce to every ten marriages. In Moscow, incidentally, we witness an amusing phenomenon. Couples that separate usually remain friends. They often visit each other, lend each other money — and very often they remarry. The remarriage of divorced persons in Moscow has become almost a vogue.

When one takes stock of the whole situation, the Russian family seems still to be holding together. It may not have its old economic or social significance. But there is still the mighty bond — love — which Russians accept as the only bond which ought to count in the union of men and women. As long as men and women reach out for each other's affection and for the affection of children, they will have some kind of family life, though in Russia it may be unlike anything found under a system of private property. It will be a union of lovers, with a place for them to live, in which they can give each other the joys that love affords. This new place will be a home.

What "John D." Has Done for Me

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (July, '29)

Henry Morton Robinson

PRIOR to 1900, Rockefeller was usually represented as a many-tentacled octopus, the enemy of the poor man. But in the past 20 years this Rockefeller has given *five hundred and fifty million dollars* outright to scientific research and the promotion of health. He has given away five times more money than any philanthropist in the history of the world, and has given it five times more intelligently.

How am I personally benefited by this? Am I healthier, wealthier, and wiser as a result of these staggering donations? The answer is—*Yes!*

If, for example, I am stricken with pneumonia—I know that my chances of recovery are 74.6 percent higher than they were four years ago, thanks to the Type 1 pneumonia serum discovered by doctors at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, in New York City. In this enormous laboratory, the largest of its kind in the world, a dozen scientists are at this moment perfecting serums for Type 11 and Type 111 pneumonias. If these prove as effective as the Type 1 serum, the mortality from pneumonia will take a still greater drop. It

took exactly \$183,000,000 of Mr. Rockefeller's money to endow this institute.

Children have always been Mr. Rockefeller's special interest. With his help, the best doctors in America plotted to wipe out rickets, diphtheria, and adenoid infections—the three diseases most dangerous to child life. It was agreed that the field of endeavor should be international: Canada, Brazil, Porto Rico and many rural districts of the United States being selected as the areas most in need.

I happened to be at a rural county fair in Quebec when I saw my first Rockefeller "Child Health Station." It was a large circular tent, equipped with medicine, instruments, food exhibits. Two doctors and a half dozen nurses were busy examining children. Hundreds of bottles of cod liver oil and beef extract were put into the hands of impoverished parents to help their rachitic children. And medical service did not end with the fair. More than 2000 permanent health bureaus carry on the work.

Suppose you live, as I did for a time, in the hookworm belt of the South. To anyone who has seen

the stunted and deformed hookworm victims at close range, the work of the Rockefeller Foundation seems miraculous. For within the last dozen years the hookworm menace has been broken, and millions of sufferers restored to health.

The investigators found that the hookworm was a tiny parasite which entered the human body through the soles of the feet, worked its way into the blood stream, and finally lodged in the intestines of its victims. So the first thing the Rockefeller Commission did was to provide shoes for every barefooted child and field worker in 113 counties of Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee. The southern states were dotted with hookworm stations, giving treatments and preventive information.

Today, barely 15 years after the first shot was fired against hookworm, an examination of schoolchildren in 88 southern counties shows that the disease has decreased 94 percent. Old cases are also being successfully treated, and the contamination removed from the soil.

Twenty-five years ago, the very name of yellow fever was enough to plant terror in the bravest heart. As late as 1911, a flare-up of this disease in South America killed 250,000 people. But in 1927 *only three cases of yellow fever were reported in both Americas!* Rocke-

feller spent \$30,000,000 in the campaign against yellow fever. Intensive "clean-up" campaigns have drained the swamps where the dread *stegomyia* mosquito breeds. And if, traveling there, a *stegomyia* did happen to bite you, the serum discovered by Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, a brilliant Rockefeller scientist, would save your life. The commission is now turning its attention to an African variety of the fever which still runs riot along the Gold Coast.

When the Mississippi devastated 20,000 miles of farmland, drove 750,000 people from their homes, and drowned 250 of them, the general mischief amounted to some \$250,000,000. But there was one happy feature about the 1927 flood. There were no epidemics of typhoid, diphtheria, or dysentery — the three black horsemen that usually ride in the wake of a major flood. The Rockefeller Foundation, in preparation for just such a catastrophe, had established hundreds of field hospitals along the Mississippi. The Foundation spent \$2,250,000 in three months, protecting the flood victims from epidemics. President Hoover, who at that time was personally directing the rescue work, said to a group of newspaper men:

"Gentlemen, this flood is the worst I have ever seen — but without the preventive medical assistance of the Rockefeller

Foundation, I think it would be one of the greatest disasters in the history of the world."

There is a little group of diseases which used to be a real menace to the duration and enjoyment of human life. Anemia, diabetes, and acute rheumatism used to claim 112 victims out of 10,000 population — until Mr. Rockefeller set his research men to work on this dangerous trio. "Heart trouble" is also a dangerous disease. "Apoplexy," as it was called, used to whisk men off in a split second. But slowly these scourges of humanity are being reduced by men working quietly in Rockefeller laboratories. Some have already been conquered.

The University of Chicago, the third largest institution of learning in the United States, owes its standing to the original endowment of \$11,000,000 given by Rockefeller in 1892, followed by \$20,000,000 in gifts since that time.

If you should ever visit Peking, China, you would find a group of beautiful buildings built, equipped, and maintained by Rockefeller funds — The Peking Union Medical College. In its laboratories healing and research are being carried on by 78 doctors, many of whom are Chinese, educated in Europe and America on Rockefeller Medical Fellowships. These doctors are exterminating leprosy, small pox, and tuberculosis, three

diseases that have raged for untold centuries in China. Until 1914 the Chinese government viewed these epidemics as a matter of course. In that year Mr. Rockefeller sent a Commission to China whose report led him to establish base hospitals in Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, and Canton.

Barely a decade has passed since these hospitals began their work. But already, deaths from leprosy have been reduced nearly 25 percent. Dietary conditions among Chinese peasants have been vastly improved by the introduction of potatoes and green vegetables. Standards of sanitation are constantly ascending, which is the first step in the struggle against all disease.

The Annual Report of the Rockefeller Foundation is a 500-page book, jammed with facts and figures. Here are a few passages, selected at random: "2018 sanitary latrines erected in Colombia;" "570,421 hookworm treatments in Panama;" "Malaria death rate reduced 60 percent in Argentina;" "32 Public Health Fellowships granted in China;" "20,005 antidiphtheria and 19,000 small pox vaccinations in Louisiana."

Behind all this humanitarian activity is the personality of John Davidson Rockefeller. It is his ambition to pour the larger part of his wealth back into the service of his fellowmen and it seems likely that he will succeed.

The Adventure Racket

Condensed from Vanity Fair (July, '29)

Corey Ford

MONTH after month the public craze for Adventure continues. Travel-books follow travel-books with incredible rapidity, and still the gullible readers swallow them. Exposures of flagrant errors in *The Cradle of the Deep* and *The Great Horn Spoon* have not deterred them yet; they only cry for more.

I can remember a time when publishers wore white goatees, spoke English, and took pride in the imprint of their house. Their simple code of ethics did not allow preconceived swindles, advertising that lied deliberately in the face of proven facts, or publicity stunts that degraded their profession. And personally I think it is high time we went back to those innocent days again. A publisher's statements to the public should be as unimpeachable as those of a Bank President. For his own sake he must see that they are true.

For there is no doubt whatsoever that the recent travel-book exposures have injured the entire public attitude toward publishers. Our loyalty has been shaken. The charges against Miss Joan Lowell have created a

lasting suspicion in the book-buyers' minds which not only reacts against the publishers, but actively militates against honest writers. Recently, for example, a publisher was forced to reject a fascinating and indisputably authenticated story of a girl's adventures on a windjammer in the South Seas, simply because he did not dare to risk the parallel with the notorious adventures of Miss Joan Lowell.

Myself, I should like to see a sort of Pure Food Law for books, laying upon the publisher full responsibility for the authenticity of the book he publishes, and requiring him to state on the jacket the percentage of fictional matter that has been added to color and preserve the facts.

I confess I grow a little weary of the old argument: "If it is a good story, what difference does it make if it is not true?" It seems to me that that argument works both ways. If it is a good story, then why do the author and the publisher make such an effort to convince people it is true? Why are they not content to let it go as a good story, and nothing more? The answer lies in the obvious fact that this aura of

reality is just what makes "a good story"; the feeling that these adventures really happened, that these brave feats of courage actually took place, is what lends it appealing glamor.

Next to *The Cradle of the Deep*, probably the best known of the travel books is *Trader Horn*. There really was a Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis; she really had a front-porch on Johannesburg; and a tin-peddler named Smith actually came to her door. He talked; she took down everything that he said, embellished his remarks here and there, filled in the nuances, hammered his wisecracks into tight epigrams, and followed with incredible skill the erratic train of thought that flashed like a bright tropical bird through the tangled foliage of his mind; and so she produced one of the best of all the travel autobiographies. Unfortunately, the publishers fetched the old Trader from the comfortable mists of obscurity, put him through his paces like a trick horse, and deliberately fostered a controversy over the accuracy of the facts in his book,—adding to the public skepticism toward travel-books.

Mr. Richard Halliburton, that irrepressible Peter Pan of the travel-books, has kept his place on all the best-seller lists more consistently than any other of the adventurers. Year after year

he manages to summon all his old boyish enthusiasm again and gallop off with impetuous haste along the Romantic Road to Royalties.

At least it can be said for Mr. Halliburton that he actually visits the places he says he does. I happened to be in Singapore some time after he had departed (they had swept up most of the confetti and taken in the bunting by then, and the natives had quieted down a little); and while there were mild doubts expressed there as to the genuineness of his headlong enthusiasm, no one questioned the fact that he had actually crossed Siam, spit from the top of Mount Olympus, or plunged satyr-like into the pool of the Taj Mahal. Mr. Halliburton has discovered early What the Public Wants.

It is with considerable hesitancy that I approach next a discussion of Mr. Eugene Wright, author of *The Great Horn Spoon*. The fact that I happened to accompany Mr. Wright on his travels makes this subject a difficult one; and it is only because this fact was recently printed without my knowledge that now, after nine months, I feel no further moral obligation to be silent.

From a literary standpoint *The Great Horn Spoon* is a swift and lovely piece of work. But it is now no secret that almost two-

thirds of it is false. Mr. Wright departs from the facts, for instance, when he describes a visit to the Isle of Flores, when he claims to have been in Arabia or to have explored the Soomba Islands in a sampan. He never saw a floating island of monkeys. He never killed a crocodile. Moreover, he describes his exciting adventures in Arabia, including his escape from a dreaded *sbimal* in the Gulf, his capture by desert sheiks, and his rescue by a sloe-eyed maiden who loved him from afar. As a matter of fact he and I left the Persian Gulf steamer at Muscat and went ashore to ask permission to make a trip up the Oman coast by native *dbow* (a trip which Mr. Wright subsequently describes in great detail); and when this permission was flatly refused, we left Arabia two hours later by the same boat.

And yet this book was hailed by the critics. The *Chicago Evening Post*, which apparently does not get around much, was instantly "convinced." The staid *Boston-Transcript* was so overwhelmed with girlish raptures over this "best of travel books" that it only had breath enough left to pant for "more — more."

And when your reviewers are all taken in so completely, what is the poor public going to do? How can we separate the sheep from the scapegoats? Is it not

inevitable that we come to suspect all travel books? I have seen doubts expressed in print concerning even Col. T. E. Lawrence.

"But what can we do?" a publisher asks in genuine distress. "How can we tell when a book is a fake? The author gives us his word. He has a few photographs, but says that most of his films had been destroyed."

There is not much comfort in this bitter dilemma. The publisher's problem is no easy one; yet most of them have managed to meet it somehow. Once or twice, to be sure, every house is bound to be taken for a fall; but in the long run, by using every means in its power to investigate and corroborate the original statements of the author, the house should be able to decide whether its article is genuine or paste. I do not say that they should reject a travel book because it is not all gospel; but I do think that if a house desires to avoid the stigma of being either a criminal conspirator or a gullible fool, it should be careful to publish as the truth only those books which it knows are the truth.

And until some satisfactory litmus is devised to test travel books I should suggest that St. Christopher should be removed from his pedestal as the Patron Saint of Travels, and in his place we should install good old St. Ananias.

Tailor-Made Weather for Offices

Condensed from the Scientific American (July, '29)

Ruel McDaniel

LAST August a new tenant in the Milam Building in San Antonio, Texas, telephoned from an upper floor and complained that his office was too hot.

"Is your window open?" the superintendent asked.

"Why, certainly," the irritated and uninitiated tenant replied.

"Well," instructed the superintendent, "please close it at once."

This was strange advice to the new tenant, who had not acquainted himself with the novel facts concerning this office building which manufactures weather to suit its tenants.

Although for some years certain buildings, notably theaters, have been mechanically cooled, the Milam Building is the most completely equipped and most modern of any office structure in which an attempt has been made to regulate the temperature artificially. Because of the signal success which has crowned this large-scale venture, the Milam Building obviously represents the beginning of a definite trend in building construction. Many engineers who have seen this Texas building predict that within five

to ten years it will be the exception for a modern office structure to be erected without equipping it with its own weather-making plant.

Regardless of how hot Texas weather may be outside in summer, the normal temperature of every office in this building is under 80 degrees in summer and above 70 degrees in winter. Yet a tenant may have the temperature in his own office regulated to his individual taste.

In summer when the humidity outdoors is stifling and perspiration pours off the brows of those who must move around, inside the Milam Building the humidity is reduced to a point so low that perspiration evaporates quickly after it comes to the surface of the skin and no one realizes that there is any perspiration. In winter when the average room is filled with air having a very low humidity due to the usual methods of heating, the manufactured atmosphere in this building is supplied with moisture at all times, and contracting colds by occupants is virtually impossible.

The fact that all air near the surface of the earth is heavily dust-laden is an important factor

in the air-conditioning system. Dust particles are bacteria carriers, and breathing dust is unhealthful. Therefore the air is washed before it is used by the mechanical weather man.

Two general functions are performed by the weather-making equipment: It regulates the temperature and humidity of the building; and it washes and purifies the air that circulates within the building.

Although the water that washes the air of the interior of the structure is cooled to a temperature of about 45 degrees and the weather plant has a refrigeration capacity of 375 tons a day, no ice is employed. Two refrigeration units, employing a water-like liquid, cool the water to the desirable temperature through a process of compression and evaporation. The water in turn controls the temperature of the air which is washed by it.

There is a complete change of air throughout the building every seven or eight minutes if all inlets and outlets are normally open.

The spray chamber is the heart of the weather plant. Water is forced in here at a rate of 1200 gallons per minute. The spray water is itself purified by recirculation, re-cooling, and settling, and is used over and over again. A test shows that this washing process eliminates 95 percent of the dust found in the air at San

Antonio. As an indication of the amount of dust and germs actually removed, dirt to the amount of seven bushels, on an average, is removed from the bottom of the water filter each week; and this is dirt which has been thrown into the clear city water by the incoming natural air outside.

The air comes into a typical office through a grille in the wall near the ceiling. It is drawn out through a louvre in the lower panel of the door, carried through the corridors and gently swept, without creating a draft, by suction into pipes through which it is forced back to the plant. There are dampers on the various distributing units which make it possible to regulate the volume of the air to compensate for the position of the sun during the day.

Thus man-made weather, which has become familiar to many of us in the larger theaters and which has already been utilized in the manufacture of textiles, motion-picture film, flour, bakery products, candy, and other commodities, has now proved its value as an agent for promoting greater human efficiency among "white-collar" workers. With the steadily increasing use of manufactured weather equipment, it is not at all improbable that it will, in time, become standard for homes just the same as the furnace is at present.

Understanding the Tariff

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (June 12, '29)

Henry Kittredge Norton

THERE are certain simple, easily understandable principles in regard to the tariff which will enable any one to arrive at an intelligent conclusion in regard to it. Yet the American people have found it easier to accept the promise of the politician that protection brings prosperity. For the old-fashioned Democrat it is enough that the Republicans want a high tariff. He is therefore for free trade.

But there are growing doubts as to the validity of the protective theory. Industrialists whose mass production needs outlets abroad are beginning to find their exportation checked by some mysterious force which at the same time, despite tariff protection, is pulling down prices in the home market. Let us, therefore, examine the fundamental principles of the subject:

A. Trading is a necessity of life. No man can make everything he needs. Long before the dawn of history, men discovered the value of specialization. The man who could make good arrows but was a poor shot found it to his advantage to spend his time making arrows and to trade them for venison. This was equally to the

advantage of the good shots who were poor arrow-makers. The enormous economic structure of the present day is built up around the principle of each man doing the thing he can do most advantageously and trading his product for the infinite variety of his needs.

B. Trade benefits both parties. For a long time after piracy ceased to be respectable, the business world labored under the delusion that if one side gained in a trade the other side must lose. The hard fact that the losing party would never voluntarily make a bargain on this basis is now generally recognized. In domestic trade our merchants carry on a vigorous competition to give those who trade with them the greatest possible advantage. In our foreign trade, however, we still cling to the idea that we can increase our profits by imposing a tariff which will reduce the other fellow's advantage as much as possible. We even deliberately reduce it so much that he refuses to trade at all. When this occurs, we also lose the benefit we might have had from the exchange.

C. All trade is barter. Because practically all purchases are made in terms of money, this essential

fact is easily overlooked. When a farmer pays for a radio in cash or by a check, what he really does is to give the radio man a memorandum to the effect that he owes him a certain amount of farm produce. The radio man can either go to the farmer and redeem this memorandum by taking an equivalent amount of vegetables, or, in return for something else he needs, he may take the memorandum — cash or check — over to some one else who will use the farmer's product. Money is simply an exchange mechanism, and of no value except as it can be converted into goods or services and thus complete an actual barter.

Now we may turn to international trade and the tariff.

D. *The more trade, the more profit.* No existing nation can attain self-sufficiency except at a heavy cost. All of them can produce some things more advantageously than others. Just as in the case of an individual, it is to their advantage to trade. And the greater the trade, the greater the advantage.

Take, for example, Florida and Pennsylvania. Florida raises oranges but has no steel mills. Pennsylvania produces steel but cannot grow oranges save in a hothouse. It is obviously to the advantage of both to exchange their surplus production. And the greater the amount of trade, the greater the advantage.

E. *Tariff walls decrease the volume of trade.* Despite endless argument over this statement, the fundamental fact remains that any substantial barrier to trade must decrease the advantage of the exchange to one side or the other. This decrease in advantage will wipe out some portion of the trade from which, if it had remained, the other side would have received some benefit.

F. *A protective tariff lowers the standard of living of the country which maintains it.* One false premise of the protectionist is that "if we buy steel rails abroad, we get the rails and the foreigner gets the money; while if we buy steel rails at home we have both the rails and the money." This statement ignores the fact that it is not money that is the subject of trade but goods. We would not send money abroad in payment for these rails. The rails would actually be paid for by shipping abroad some products of this country, such as wheat. Substitute "wheat" for "money" in the statement, and the situation is clarified. "... if we buy steel rails at home we have both the rails and the wheat." But what good does this do us if we already have more wheat than we can use? Wheat that would have been useful to purchase those rails is now a drug on the market, lowering the value of all the wheat in this country.

Without a tariff, the farmer would be able to buy, let us say, four yards of cloth for a bushel of wheat. Suppose a duty of 25 per cent is levied on this cloth. The farmer will then receive only three yards of cloth for his bushel of wheat. Instantly the value in terms of cloth of all the wheat in the country has been reduced one quarter while the cloth manufacturer saves a yard on every bushel he buys. In every case a protective tariff works in exactly this way. The producer of a protected article makes an additional profit at the cost of a much greater loss to the people as a whole. Thus the buying power of the national income is diminished every time a single tariff duty is raised.

Protectionists claim that the tariff, by encouraging home industries, provides an additional home market for American products. It does, but only at the cost of losing a more profitable foreign market. If this argument were valid it would apply equally well to Florida and Pennsylvania. Yet if Florida insisted on producing its own steel, and Pennsylvania its own oranges, it would be a very costly process for both. Economic laws are as ignorant of international boundaries as they are of State boundaries.

The clinching argument for protection is that it raises American wages. These wages are the highest

in the world. If this were because of the protective tariff we could never sell anything abroad in competition with the products of other countries. Yet last year we sold to foreign countries over five billion dollars' worth of competitive products. Where an American product can compete abroad it is impossible for a foreign producer to compete with it in this country even though he has to pay no duty. American wages are higher because American laborers are more productive.

The tariff does make one apparent contribution to American wages. An industry which cannot survive without the protective tariff affords employment at current wages to laborers. But it does so because it is receiving artificially high prices from every other industry in the land. This burden forces these other industries to pay lower wages and employ fewer men.

Thus the economist makes out a strong case against protection. But, on the other hand, there are points in its favor.

G. Protection may be necessary to enable a country to begin its industrial development. This is the so-called "infant-industry" argument. A new country whose activities are almost wholly agricultural finds it difficult to establish even industries for which it is naturally adapted against the competition of established foreign

producers. Unfortunately, few industries having once enjoyed protection readily acknowledge that the need for protection has passed.

H. *Protection helps to prepare a country for defense in war.* Suppose, for instance, we found it cheaper to import all our automobile and airplane motors from Belgium. In the event of war we should be at the mercy of Belgium or any country able to cut off our imports from Belgium. This argument, however, cannot be carried to its logical conclusion — a completely self-contained country. We are not self-sufficient in rubber, for instance; yet we hardly expect the protectionists to combine with the greenhouse men to ask for a tariff which would make rubber growing profitable in our climate.

It is not clear, however, where the line is to be drawn. This country is not much better adapted to sugar production than it is to rubber production. Yet because of the sugar tariff the American people are forced to pay an annual premium of \$216,500,000 on sugar in order that about 20 percent of the supply may be produced in this country.

I. *The sudden abolition of the tariff would cause a disastrous economic crisis.* The American people can better afford the cost

of a gradual readjustment than the loss which such a crisis would entail.

J. *A fixed annual reduction in the tariff — say of ten percent annually for ten years — would be to the advantage of the country as a whole.* An unrestricted trade abroad would be of as great benefit to the country as it has been in the domestic field. It must not be forgotten that the rapid progress of mass production is adding every year to the number of industries producing for export. The protective tariff hampers these industries by increasing the cost of living and production in this country and excluding foreign goods which in the long run we must import to approximately the value of the goods we export. All trade is barter; goods can be sold only for goods.

K. *All tariffs should come down together.* There may be arguments to prove that we would be better off without a tariff even if other countries had them, but human psychology will always be present to upset these theories. Free trade England has discovered that. Mr. Stimson could outshine Mr. Kellogg if he could bring into being a pact for the renunciation of the tariff as an instrument of national policy. The economists of the world have already formally recommended this in the Economic Conference at Geneva.

The Bequests of Eccentrics

Condensed from Plain Talk (July, '29)

Joseph Percival Pollard

You must have a genius for charity as well as for anything else.—Thoreau.

ONE day along toward the end of the 19th century an elderly English woman fairly well equipped with treasure dusted off an idle quill and sat down to sign her will. A smile of satisfaction appeared on her face as she reflected that she was doing her bit to make mankind more happy. Calling two servants to witness, she gave the quill a flourish on the dotted line, put the document carefully away, and proceeded to water the pansies.

When she died, her counselor read the will to a few hopeful relatives: "It is my express will that the produce of all my real and personal estate shall be applied to the printing, publishing and propagation of the sacred writings of the late Joanna Southcott."

And who, gasped the relatives, was this creature to whose scribblings was now dedicated every penny of the property? A demented religious fanatic, dead these 50 years! An old maid who when she was 60 years old proclaimed to the world that she was about to give birth to a second Messiah, and named the exact

date. A woman who wrote and published many incoherent religious ravings, among them *Prophecies Announcing the Birth of the Prince of Peace*, and who died a raving idiot about the time she was to be delivered. That was Joanna Southcott. But when the relatives contested the will, the High Court of Chancery held that the gift of the old lady was for a valid charitable purpose.

This little episode gives one a rough idea of the freak causes considered worthy of being aided by various wills. Sealed with a red wafer and spread upon the record of courts of probate throughout the world are words that express the hot urge of a weird idea. The particular weird idea that happens to be near and dear to the heart of the particular will-maker is frequently the weed that sprouts from the seed of his own experience. The man who in 1626 left a considerable part of his fortune to be used for the ransom of captives held by pirates had a vivid recollection of the time he was forced to become the guest of the bad boys of the Caribbees.

The legal conception of charity is very broad. It includes not only gifts for the relief of poverty and

ill-health, but for the promotion of education and religion and all manner of general public undertakings. Consequently there is great leeway for legal lunacy on the part of the will-makers.

A prominent citizen of a small New England town set aside a fund for the employment of a person to go about the church during the sermon keeping people awake and chasing dogs out of the edifice.

Sometimes the field of beneficiaries is made so narrow that the money might as well be thrown into the sea. A case of this nature came to light some years ago in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where a considerable sum was willed for the relief of "worthy, deserving, poor, white, American, Protestant, Democratic widows and orphans residing in the town of A."

Many gifts for the relief of poverty show wealth of imaginative power on the part of the giver. Some years ago an old traveling salesman of Virginia donated a fund to be used in establishing a Travelers' Rest, but not without adding a small condition: "Let care be taken that women and men lodge not near together." A Vermonter flavored his generosity with the requirement that the silver coins he was casting away be dropped upon his tombstone and then picked up by the poor of the

village. A skeptical Englishman gave a sum to the poor of the parish, who were to come to the church at the beginning of prayers, and "If they can, let them sing the 15th Psalm. But for God's sake, let them be no drunkards or common swearers."

Animal lovers are represented by the southern lady who gave a sizeable fund "to be used for the support of our dog Dick; for him to be kept in comfort, that is, being well fed, have a bed by the fire and treated well every day."

An Ohio animal-fancier recently laid out quite a sum for a cat-infirmary, to be equipped with sporting-grounds and well stocked with rats. Another man created a trust fund to feed sparrows.

A glance through many of these curious wills reveals that the lavish dispenser can be as emphatic in his dislikes as in his likes. Take the case of the New Jerseyite whose entire estate consisted of ten dollars, but who cut his wife off with one of them. Or the harassed head of a London family who bequeathed his wife "one shilling for picking my pockets of 60 guineas." Or the son of Lady Montague, who wrote, "To Lord A. I give nothing, because I know he'll bestow it on the poor."

Gifts for the public improvement may be grouped under two heads: (1) gifts that in their tangible results manage to keep

the donor himself pretty well out of the picture; (2) gifts whose main function is to glorify the donor. Among the notable examples of the first class is the unique bequest of Mr. Sanborn of Medford, Massachusetts, that his skin be made into drumheads and given to the leader of the local drum corps, on condition that on Bunker Hill at sunrise of June 15th of each year he should beat on the drum the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Pope's Universal prayer was to be inscribed on one drumhead, and the Declaration of Independence on the other. Further:

The remainder of my body to be composed for a fertilizer to contribute to the growth of an American elm, to be planted in some rural thoroughfare, that the weary wayfarer may rest, and innocent children play beneath its umbrageous branches rendered luxuriant by my remains.

As to the cast-an-eye-on-me philanthropies, we find that these frequently go beyond the mere requiring of the name of the donor to be posted on the library or museum or gate-post or whatever it is. There is the case of the man who donated a fund to the city of Detroit to erect a fountain in a public park with a life-sized statue of himself rampant thereon.

Going one step farther we find the many donations in which the public plays no part at all but are made to glorify entirely the memory of the donor. A French disciple of Savarin actually directed that a new cooking-recipe be pasted on his tomb every day; and a resident of Easton, Pennsylvania, created a cemetery fund for the purchase of a burial plot 100 feet square, on which was to be erected a granite monument and fence to cost between \$50,000 and \$60,000. There was also to be formed a military cornet band to march to the cemetery on the anniversaries of his death, on holidays, and on "other proper occasions," and to play appropriate music. The court, however, did not agree with the deceased that the instrumental music was a dandy idea, deeming him to be sufficiently ennobled by the granite.

Such are the many atrocities committed under the widespread auspices of Charity. Would it not be well for judges to put the judicial torch to all testaments dedicating the income of estates to objects of no utility, public or private, whose only purpose is to perpetuate at great cost and in an absurd manner the idiosyncrasies of an eccentric testator?



Is America a Paradise for Women?—No

Condensed from Pictorial Review (June, '29)

Dorothy Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis)

COMING home after living eight years abroad, I find here astonishingly little community of interest between men and women. I have the feeling that women are pushing vaguely toward aims which their husbands do not share, or are taking the contrary step and entering a world which has, for them, very little sense of reality.

For the majority of women, that society is happiest which puts the greatest emphasis on human values. Wherever things become more important than people; wherever the production of material values is carried on at the expense of human values—in any such society women are in rebellion, as the best of them are in rebellion in America today.

Look at the women's clubs everywhere devoting themselves to culture; supporting lecturers, listening to piano recitals, entertaining visiting novelists, buying and reading books—it is quite true that women are the book-market of America. These are all evidences of the attempt of women to keep human values alive in a country devoted primarily to the production of material things; more and better ra-

dios, automobiles, cheap clothing.

Yet this attempt at culture does not succeed in bringing men and women closer together in a creative relationship, out of which will come a civilized and creative society. This effort does not extend to men. A man who takes an interest in these things, so vital to women, is probably a "highbrow," or perhaps not considered a real he-man.

What public speaker has not encountered the bored husband, dragged by his wife to the lecture? What pianist does not remember the glassy eyes of the local business men whose wives have cajoled them to his recital? I dare say that in no country of the western world are men so isolated from the world of women as in America today.

The industrial development in which our country is engaged tends to crush out human values and in doing so it devitalizes the primary creative activities of women. Our very prosperity, the economists tell us, is based upon waste, in the sense that it will continue only so long as new desires demand new products. The strange new doctrine of "obsolescence" has grown up to

create a prosperity singularly detached from human values. Even a home becomes a symbol of business success. One builds it according to the prevailing style, and as one becomes more prosperous one changes it, not by extending it, evolving it, but simply by moving.

Any American going into an old English house, where, in whatever poverty, members of the same family have lived for ten or twenty generations, knows the difference between this house and the most gorgeous palace ever built at Palm Beach. The old house may have things in it which aren't "in good taste." But everything will have a faint scent about it which comes of long human association, an aura of security, a comforting feeling, and a proud one.

The rage for antiques in America, the passion for old houses, the desire to buy up old Colonial cottages, are manifestations of our wistful desire for homes in which we shall feel some continuity of life. We seek by artificial means to create an artificial continuity, and even go so far as to conjure up for ourselves, sometimes, artificial ancestors.

But business objects to continuity. Urged on by instalment-buying, our life is spent not in coming to understand, appreciate, and make friends with the Joneses, but in keeping up with

them. What then becomes of vital, creative human relationships? I honestly believe that if women would have the courage to buck the instalment-buying system they would do more for American culture than they can do by any number of study clubs.

On the face of it our civilization offers unprecedented opportunities for the creative impulse. It has freed millions from the hopeless, stabilized poverty which enchains a large part of Europe. It has given us access to the whole world, and there is no barrier to what we may see and learn from.

And yet it is a question whether there were ever gathered together inside any frontier so many frustrated, uncreative women as are assembled today in the United States. For each new panacea which is presented — from Yogism to Freudianism — there are thousands of recruits from amongst discontented women.

This is not a criticism of women. It is a criticism of the civilization which has so little use for the creative capacities which are essentially feminine.

Ours, as a pioneer civilization, tended from the first to emphasize material development. We therefore came to value especially those qualities which contributed to our rapid ma-

terial advancement — engineering, technical invention, economic and financial organization, architecture, building. Activity, speed, accelerated rhythm became symptoms and symbols of this exteriorization of human life-force, and came to be regarded as valuable in themselves.

This high-pressure, over-active, power-worshipping, super-organized world desperately needs the nurturing, brooding qualities of women. It needs women who will make it clear to at least one man that he is an individual; women who will refuse to have their children brought up according to a universal pattern.

No country is a Paradise for women where they do not live in a vital, creative relationship with men, in a society which is constantly refreshed by the interpenetration of the minds and emotions of men and women on every conceivable plane, in every conceivable field.

Men blame women for not being more "womanly," but they do not give more than the merest lip-service to womanly values. The game of business so fascinates many men that they do not see that it offers no similarly creative field for women. Its keen competition makes such demands upon men that they have little energy left over for women. But it is odd that they cannot under-

stand why women resent this fact!

Is it because men are overstrained by business that they shrink away from intimate association with intelligent women? — an almost unique phenomenon in civilized society. A civilized European is doubly drawn to a woman who displays wit and graces of the mind. For these he will overlook many things — she has won them, perhaps, at the expense of youth; experience has refreshed her mind at the price of her skin; but the presumption of the European is that if she is stimulating as a dinner companion she will be equally stimulating in a more intimate relationship of love or friendship. (And, incidentally, there is astonishingly little actual friendship between men and women in America. Palship, perhaps; an easy-going, cordial camaraderie, but seldom a relationship which can be dignified by the word "friend.")

Is this due wholly to the differentiation between the two worlds; does business strain incline the business man to romance with the flapper or bathing beauty, and to a tepid, convenient life with his wife?

I do not know. I only observe symptoms. I only feel very deeply that men need more sympathy and understanding from women, as women do from men. Because since Adam's time we have been in and out of Paradise together.

Whose Prosperity?

Condensed from *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (July, '29)

Bruce Crawford

WHEN industrialism came South, the hill-billy came to town and got a job. Anglo-Saxon sons and daughters, described by the industrialists as being "more dependable than Northern labor and not bedeviled by Old World radicalism," went to work in mills.

It is difficult to be loyal to your job on \$8 a week if you are a modern girl, \$12 a week if you are a modern man; or \$18 a week if you have a large family. The situation at Elizabethton, Tennessee, was particularly acute due in the main to the real estate boom that followed the breaking of dirt for the rayon plants there. This boom was reflected in living costs. Girls receiving \$8.90 a week were paying \$6 a week for board and not less than a dollar a week for bus-fare if they lived outside of town. Men making from \$12 to \$18 were paying from \$25 to \$35 a month rent for company houses.

True, the workers had not been accustomed to more before they left their scrawny farms. But in town needs necessarily multiply. A wage of two dollars a day might make it possible to satisfy the grocer, but will it pay for, say,

the kitchen range now necessary? What of inevitable doctor's bills? Pelvic disorders are not uncommon nor doctor's bills infrequent under a discipline that requires girl workers to stand in one position with no support whatever during long working hours and to obtain permission even to go to the toilet. What of taxes, insurance, water and light, clothing, school books, amusements? Such items cannot by any sort of economy be included in the budget.

Nor do the workers alone make public noise about this mythically diffused prosperity. In mill towns like Elizabethton — it will be remembered that this was the strategic Southern city chosen by the Party of Prosperity for a campaign speech by its presidential nominee — the merchants complain that the workingman draws too little to meet his bills. Such a customer is a bad risk. Buying on instalments, his debts accumulate appallingly. Solvency among the merchants is rare, and property fires are so numerous that many insurance companies are compelled to pull out.

At a time of general prosperity there should be no cause for

picketing, which means that there is keen competition for jobs. And yet Southern labor, to use the inelegant but expressive term, has been scabbing not only on organized Northern labor but on striking Southern labor as well. When textile workers in Tennessee and the Carolinas struck for higher wages and better working conditions, other Southern laborers began to cast covetous eyes at the vacant jobs—ready to scab on their neighbors! Because of their multiplied needs and boosted prices they could not remain idle long. Southern labor as a whole is not yet union minded and cannot perceive the likeness of a protective closed shop for itself to a protective tariff that shuts out competition for its employers. And the only protection the scabs enjoy is that given them by state troopers following the issuance of injunctions against strikers going on company property.

This is the ache that is beginning to disturb the South's young dream. And there will be endless trouble unless the manufacturers take a leaf from the records of other places and adopt a humane policy of fair-play, reasonable profit taking and disinterested social furtherance rather than a policy of sheer exploitation.

It is, no denying, very gratifying to be told that the South has

nearly seven million automobiles, more than in all the world outside the United States. The scale on which hydro-electric developments are taking place staggers the imagination. The mind is bewildered by the expenditures in 1927 for roads—nearly \$400,000,000. That the South is producing 63 percent of the nation's output of coal and 40 percent of the world's production, despite competition with Northern operators, shows that the South has both a will and a way. With manufacturing in all lines recording amazing growth, with agriculture becoming more efficient, with unprecedented appropriations for education, with a million dollars a week being expended for the erection of churches—with all this development and progress to reflect upon, there would indeed be cause for high rejoicing were it not for the fact that labor in the South gets so little of the benefit.

Much is written about the South's prosperity and progress. But whose prosperity is it, and whose progress?

Plainly it is a prosperity for a class, a property-owning, trafficking, complacent ruling class, which has benefited most by the introduction of machinery. It is a prosperity not unlike certain prosperities made possible by a slave class—and there are, of course, those who think a housed

and foddered slave element indispensable to civilization, affording leisure for the development of artists, thinkers, and culture. But the first fruit of the South's trumpeted prosperity has been not directly an artist class, nor even an incipient culture, but a materialistic class in the rawer sense, bond-traffickers, realtors, loan-makers, contractors, traders, and a plethora of tax-gatherers. Is this class to constitute a permanent superstructure rising upon a foundation of industrial slavery?

Much has been said of late about equalization of advantage and opportunity — of modern corporations in which employees own stock. This talk ignores or forgets the fact that these wage-slaves could not buy shares of stock on any terms. Inequality of opportunity in the South is not a soap box myth. A South Carolina legislative committee, investigating textile disturbances, made a report condemning the efficiency system as a species of sweating. Professor Frank Graham at the University of North Carolina told the State Conference for Social Service that the textile industry was "suffering from glaring maladjustments," that North Carolina still has the 60-hour week, and that it still has the fourth-grade clause which

invalidates the child labor law for children between 14 and 16.

The problems of the South are peculiarly her own, and she alone must solve them. The South must rise, as she has been rising, by her own efforts. And she is counseled to remember that her uneven craft went to pieces on the rocks of a slavery that was a convenient and powerful factor in competition with Northern capital and labor. Let the South remember that she must avoid anything remotely suggesting human slavery if she is to spare herself the travail that has been so costly to other regions or prevent a repetition of what eventually destroyed her once proud civilization.

The South should be able to advertise to the world a well-paid and self-respecting working class. She should convince others that her wealth, potential and realized, is such as will provide these two things: good wages as well as good profits. If these two desiderata are incompatible, as some of the Northern capitalists moving across Mason and Dixon's Line would lead Southerners to think, then the South has admitted within her borders a Trojan Horse packed with exploiters; and talk of a prosperity for all and of human progress is a delusion of shortsighted promoters.

Hoover and Law Observance

Condensed from The Forum (July, '29)

James Truslow Adams

TO an American citizen profoundly interested in the welfare of his country, it is all too obvious that the one fundamental question transcending all others is that of the observance of law. It is therefore a matter of the most earnest congratulation that Mr. Hoover is evidently sufficiently impressed by the situation as to have devoted one-quarter of his inaugural address to the topic. Every citizen must whole-heartedly agree with him when he says that "our whole system of self-government will crumble either if officials elect what laws they will enforce or citizens elect what laws they will support. The worst evil of disregard for some law is that it destroys respect for all law."

Mr. Hoover says further, "If citizens do not like a law, their duty is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal." Obviously, from the context in which these passages are found, Mr. Hoover was thinking mainly of the 18th Amendment. But, as he rightly points out, the whole observance of law hangs together. This statement at least raises a question in some minds. What is the

situation in which the patriotic citizen, anxious to obey the law, finds himself today.

In the first place, there is an infinite number of laws—federal, state, and municipal—which Congress and the 48 state legislatures are turning out literally by thousands every year.

Many laws are passed merely because it is the easiest way for lazy legislatures to rid themselves of noisy and fanatical minorities. The law in one of the Southern states prohibits the presence in any school library of any book "defining evolution" (which would rule out all dictionaries and encyclopedias). In St. Louis a broad censorship law resulted in the seizure and destruction of a collector's rare edition of Boccaccio. In Boston it is illegal to sell a considerable number of current volumes sold almost everywhere else in the United States.

What are the concrete problems which result from such laws? Is a citizen of Boston who wishes to know what is being written in contemporary American literature bound to deprive himself of knowing anything about a dozen important titles,

or shall he buy them furtively from a "book-legger"? Shall a teacher in the South throw dictionaries away, or shall he give the students illegal use of them?

In constantly passing back and forth from Europe, I am continually confronted by similar problems. In all enlightened countries over here not only are treatises on birth control by medical authorities to be had freely, but frequently public instruction is given in free clinics. If I take any such book home to New York, I become a lawbreaker and am liable to a year in prison or \$5000 fine. I am interested in modern literature and, although greatly disliking the book, I realize that Joyce's *Ulysses* is a landmark in its development. For purposes of an article I am writing I can readily buy *Ulysses* in London, but if I take it to New York, I shall again be liable to a year in prison and \$5000 fine.

Consider the question of possessing firearms in New York State. Any thug can readily procure a revolver by simply crossing to New Jersey and buying one. But the citizen who needs one for self-protection finds it very hard to get a permit. Some years ago a concern with which I had relations wanted a revolver for a trusted employe who brought its payroll to the factory. Its application for a permit was refused. After a while

it was discovered that the difficulty lay in omitting to tender the usual \$15 bribe to the police captain of the precinct. The company could not carry the matter higher, for in such situations there is never any proof. It had three options: to risk its money and its employe's life by leaving him undefended; to break the law by bribing a police official; or to break it by having its messenger carry a gun without a license.

When laws are just and wise, they ought to be obeyed and are likely to be; but when they are not, they open very genuine problems in ethics for the decent citizen. I wonder if Mr. Hoover himself would insist in all circumstances upon an absolute observance of the 15th Amendment? Should the Negro race largely outnumber the white in any state (in Mississippi there are already 935,000 Negroes to 854,000 whites), would he insist upon a strict observance of that Amendment, even if it resulted in a Negro government permanently set up over the whites?

Mr. Hoover speaks easily of the right of citizens who disapprove of any law "openly to work for its repeal," but he must realize the inherent difficulty of this. Today the power of the individual is largely lost. An enormous amount of money is necessary to place any movement

before the public, as may be proved by a glance at the sums spent by the Republicans in the last campaign to elect even Mr. Hoover. Time to organize committees, money to make their work efficient — few people have either. And both are futile if the opposition is corrupt — and in power. A friend of mine in a city which passed an ordinance prohibiting the use of soft coal, spent several thousand dollars installing smoke-consuming apparatus in his plant. One day, sitting at his open window and being covered with soot from the chimneys of a nearby ice plant, he decided to try his hand at law enforcement. He called up police headquarters, and received the answer, "You mind your damned business and we'll mind ours." The plant was owned by the local politicians.

It is all right to say obey the law or work for its repeal. But that procedure is not so simple a way out as it might seem.

The subject can take us even further. The theory of our government — that the majority shall rule — cannot safely be stretched too far. It broke in 1860, and may again. The theory of majority rule is a useful and practical method of carrying on popular government, but that is

all. We must not lose sight of the fact that in the American system sovereignty is supposed to reside in the people at large, and the majority rule is merely an expedient for determining the will of the people. But if the will of a sufficiently large minority is deliberately and persistently thwarted by the majority, revolt of some sort is inevitable.

Therefore I cannot agree that the solution of lawlessness lies in the simple formula "obey every law or get it repealed." If disobedience to just laws leads to anarchy, obedience to unjust laws leads to tyranny, as our forefathers well understood and implored us to remember.

If Mr. Hoover merely tells the American people to obey every absurd law, every unenforced law, every unequally and unjustly enforced law, every unenforceable law, that is now on the statute books of the nation and our 48 states, he will get but slight results. If, on the other hand, he will undertake to show the people what underlies their problem, and assume leadership in a crusade to reform the very foundations of their life — the rotten foundations that are at the bottom of the problem of our lawlessness — then he will prove the leader for whom America waits.



It Must Be the Climate

Condensed from Collier's Weekly (July 6, '29)

Walter Davenport

TWO of the bright young men of which Hollywood always has more than seems absolutely necessary met as strangers one day on Sunset Boulevard.

One had an option on a tract of luscious land in the lap of the Sierra Madres — but no customers. As to finances he was completely innocent. The other, too, had a thin, brief title to a parcel of land — a lease on a movie lot where he had just gone broke in attempting to dash off a "quickie." This lot and a five-dollar bill represented his worldly possessions.

Behind that five-dollar bill these two new friends marched into a restaurant and there, eating spaghetti Valentino, they formed a business partnership which for verve and sprightly efficiency fits neatly at the top of this tale of Southern California.

Early next morning these two young men loaded all that was portable of the movie studio on a borrowed two-ton truck and moved it to the Sierra Madres. Then they turned loose the bird dogs — that is, certain glittering young women of Hollywood who, while waiting to become stars, were kindly disposed toward

emergency jobs. Five percent of every down payment on a Sierra Madres lot went to a bird dog who flushed a customer.

Feverish industry ensued. Tourists and newcomers to Hollywood were hunted down by the energetic bird dogs. "Is this Mrs. Klutschman? Well, this is Miss Murgatroyd speaking. Welcome to California. Wouldn't you care to visit our studio and see pictures being made?"

Hundreds of Mrs. Klutschmans leaped at the chance. At the transplanted movie studio they were introduced with flourishes to famous directors and stars, none of whom were within miles of the place but all of whom were being creditably impersonated.

And then the stars and directors would drop everything to rave about the advantages of living in the immediate vicinity. They had bought lots and were speculating. That meant that prices were going up and the wise person would purchase at once. And while the visitors were still under the spell the salesmen — our two bright young men — sold the subdivision.

And nobody called in the police afterward. Finer lots were not

to be had, and all that about increasing values proved true to the last drop.

"We've heard it said," mused the first bright young man, "that it was not honest to fool the folks that way about the movie stars. But hell, they had a good time and nobody got gypped!"

Nothing is done calmly in Southern California. Every breath the citizenry draws is roaring with energy. I hadn't been in Los Angeles an hour before splendid fireworks began to burst in the evening sky. Then came a sudden blare of martial music and a parade began to pass: rank on rank of men in clean white trousers, fiercely pressed, and tan smocks.

"Oh, that," said the policeman. "That's just the Richfield people opening a new filling station. You ought to have been here when the big mail-order house opened a branch. It lasted three days."

Nothing that might contribute to the happiness of the most easily satisfied is scorned. Sauntering along Wiltshire Boulevard exchanging good mornings with aggressively cheerful strangers I even came upon a crowd of perhaps fifty genuinely excited gentlemen and ladies gathered about a young man who was selling one-minute looks through a telescope at a flag-pole sitter.

You aren't in the country 48

hours before you gather the impression that even sleeping is indulged in with terrific enthusiasm here. They cheer not only for themselves; they'll even give you, the stranger, three rousing cheers at frequent intervals. The thing is exhausting; yet they endear themselves to you.

On Sunset Boulevard one often marvels that there are not more motor collisions, since nobody seems to watch the road but peers expectantly into neighboring cars as if fearful of missing a celebrity. And a celebrity did pass our car. The car in which she rode was all white save for maroon wheels. Seven heavyweight wrestlers could have occupied it without overlapping. But in front was only a diminutive Jap chauffeur; and in the center of the bewildering expanse of rear seat was a microscopic movie beauty. Mechanically she tweaked her head right and left, bestowing bisque smiles upon whomever might be passing. She was queening her public.

It is a country of service. Run your car into one of the highly sculptured filling stations, and at least three brisk young men leap to serve. One vigorously polishes the windshield. The second gives the engine water. The third cheerily bids you good day and asks, "How many?" Nor will they accept tips!

There are drive-in markets

where you can buy everything from artichokes and crown-roasts to dustpans and cigarettes. That you may not be bored while shopping, a radio lifts your feet with jazz or elevates your soul with preaching. In some places the attendants sing as they measure out your coffee. As we drove out of one drive-in a smiling Japanese presented the ladies with roses.

Service extends to apartments. For a moderate price you can rent a room-group consisting of a dinette, a kitchenette, a librette, a livette and a bathette. I take the names from the advertisements. The place is completely furnished, even to a radio on the tabourette in the librette, and booklets in the cassette. You push buttons on the walls and things like beds, lavatories, and electric refrigerators pop out at you.

The lure of the movies and the eternal hope of meeting the stars irresistibly draws the tourist to Hollywood. An opening at Grauman's Chinese theater is a front-page riot. The common herd are held at bay by the police half a block from the theater entrance.

A car draws up to the curb before the theater. The footman bounces off to open the door. With languid elegance two shining

examples of male and female beauty step forth. He pauses to chaff democratically with the former Russian general who is the Grauman doorman, and to pass a gentle hand over his shining hair.

She too pauses. She powders her nose, pausing frequently to wave brightly to friends and the public. She smiles, frowns petulantly, stamps her foot and regards it solicitously, then rushes impetuously at a fellow artist and kisses a select few.

This is fine and the public fires salvos of approval; but it is also conducive to complete demoralization of the privileged traffic. Other proud cars bearing beauty and brains, finding themselves denied access to the terrific spotlight which glorifies the curb in front of the theater, set up a hoarse bellow of protest and clarion cries for recognition.

Not that the movie colony doesn't give a thought to privacy now and then. There is much talk of a walled city within which the more sensitive of the stars may elude the prying eyes of tourists. This desire for privacy may become so insistent that conceivably some of the more eager will remove their names or monograms from the gates of their estates. Or at least reduce the size of the letters.



Conversation versus Chatter

Condensed from the Ladies' Home Journal (July, '29)

*Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General of the
United States*

WHEN President Hoover accepted the nomination for the presidency he said, "The presidency is more than an administrative office. It must be the symbol of American ideals . . . It must be the instrument by which national conscience is livened . . ."

The presidency is becoming just that. The power of its intangible leadership is nowhere more apparent than in the evolving standards appearing in social Washington. It is no longer "smart" to serve cocktails. Liquors are fast becoming passé. Hostesses are vying with one another to achieve the "Hoover" standard of hospitality, entertainment and good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoover have been in quite a real sense citizens of the world. Residing in many countries, they have long numbered among their friends the "great" in the fields of science, in government, in philanthropy and in literature. Wherever they have lived, entertaining by the Hoovers has been simple, informal, friendly. Every guest has gone away with the intoxication of spirit that comes from exchange

of stimulating ideas, and that delicious warmth of heart that a real home actually shared will give.

The exchange of home-brew recipes and the florid eagerness for false stimulation from the cocktail shaker are rapidly fading from the picture of social hours in Washington. Alcohol makes people chatter. The hostess attempting to bring about true companionship among her guests does so by having her table appointments, flowers, home and food all a delightful background for the enjoyment her guests may find in one another.

It was Theodore Roosevelt who dared, in a social drinking period, to announce:

"There isn't a thought in a hogshead of alcohol. There isn't an idea in a whole brewery. Nothing of merit has ever been written or done under the inspiration of alcohol. It stupefies without invigorating. And its effect upon the brain is to stagnate thought."

Society is rapidly adopting that view.

It is growing stylish to be interesting, to have done some-

thing unusually well, observed life and public affairs, read understandingly, or at least to be interested in those who have.

For the nation's capital is coming more and more to be known as — and actually to be — the center of culture and intellectual life. Both are too superior, proud and self-sufficient to admit dependence on artificial stimulants. Guests who have had hospitality at the hands of the Chief Justice and Mrs. Taft realize that the chuckle of cordial good will enjoyed there needs no accompaniment of popping corks!

I know a particularly successful hostess, who specializes in "small dinners." She has neither great wealth nor unlimited time, but she does know the art of making her guests carry away a charming impression of everyone present. She has a way of phoning quite informally, something like this:

"I do want to tell you about some of your dinner companions tonight. There is Mr. Blank — yes, odd name, spelled B-l-a-n-k. He is interested in lumber. Doesn't sound interesting, but just you get him to tell you of the way his companies let down a giant redwood without smashing the whole forest. Senator B, as you know, is interested in aviation, and his wife is up on all the latest sporting news."

And so she goes on down the

list. In about three minutes' conversation she's aroused your interest in every guest you may not already know, and there isn't one with whom she hasn't given you some point of contact and common interest. Throughout the evening she and her husband are quietly adjusting every dull situation with just the proper question so casually introduced as to bring out some new interest.

Even those who genuinely like their cocktails come with eagerness to her home. Liquor would dull the elusive charm of the spirit that she and her guests create.

At the dinners of Justice and Mrs. Brandeis one meets liberal, intelligent and scientific minds across an almost bare, hand-rubbed old mahogany table, which, like the whole house, bespeaks quality without ostentation. There the conversation is guided into stimulating excursions of research. The guest partakes of the eager enjoyment of pursuing truth at intellectual frontiers. Alcohol could not be missed at such a board.

The Secretary of Labor and Mrs. Davis have a beautiful house, every inch of which is a home. The varied groups culled from political and industrial life of the nation who gather there need no stimulant to be welded into friendliness. There is no place for cocktails where one

can have a glimpse of children's good nights and share in a spirit of comradeship so genuine from one's host.

Other cabinet and distinguished homes dispense liquorless hospitality and achieve both smartness and inspirational evenings. It has come to be more of a social achievement to establish the reputation for successful entertainment without cocktail, highball or liquors.

Who could miss liquor in such a home as that of Justice and Mrs. Stone? Both he and Mrs. Stone love people and see with tolerant and appreciative eyes their interesting qualities. They have a way of blending guests. An evening at their fireside restores a sense of proportion and quickens appreciation for ideals in public service. Conversation never lags.

Liquors are disappearing from some quarters of Washington social life through a sheer spirit of sportsmanship. Edward B. McLean, publisher of the Washington Post, has a beautiful home on the outskirts of Washington called Friendship. It has been the custom at Friendship for years to give a series of Sunday luncheons, beginning on Easter, which are social institutions in Washington. About two hundred guests mingle in delightful informality. A part of the traditional hospitality has been offering a choice of

liquors. This year the McLean Easter luncheon electrified social Washington by serving no liquor. Yet the guests voted it the most delightful of social affairs.

Social sportsmanship is spreading.

The socially prominent have united in Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, and many other sections of the country to follow the example of smart Washington after six o'clock. State and Federal governments can punish crime; but these social leaders do much more. They reduce the economic pressure that produces crime by taking enormous profits away from it. A justice of great prestige once said to me, "The playful rich will stop drinking when they realize it's murder and bribery they're swallowing too."

And it is coming to be common knowledge that liquor reaches the cellars of the rich only along a road of gang murders, bribery and official dishonor. People are coming to see that the price of liquor is too high in other things than money. They can't keep from facing reflected in the cocktail glass the ugly features and machine guns of gang murderers; the skulking bribers that corrupt customs and police; the repulsive lies told along the line from port or still to country club or home.

Moving Day for the Ants

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (July, '29)

Nina A. Ley

WAS I really awake! From the window I could see a queer black stream, like tar or molasses, pouring steadily down the mountain side. What could it be? I left the house and walked out to the fence.

As I looked, the steady, dark stream came nearer. Ants! I realized in a flash that I was about to witness the moving of an ant colony. Here before me was just the thing I had doubted in the tales the old Arkansas settler had so earnestly told me. Being a Northerner, new in that section of the Ozarks, I was somewhat incredulous, and the old fellow had patiently said, "I reckon you-all has got a lot t' learn. If ye're lucky maybe ye'll see this-here ant-moving day like I did when I was a boy."

There were his ants — millions of them streaming down the mountain side. Why were they moving? Where were they going? While I watched them, my interest changed suddenly to complete horror. In true ant style, they were traveling a "straight and narrow" path. The house lay in that path! Could it actually be true that they would not turn aside for a house? Nearer they

came, and nearer, till I rushed into the house and shut the doors and windows.

Up the porch they boldly marched. Across the porch floor to the wall of the house they came, and then, still undaunted, they marched up the side of the house.

I called the chore man from behind the house. In a flash he was off to get aid from some near-by mountaineers. We poured boiling water on the ants, threw ashes on them — but steadily forward marched the others, with no heed for the dead bodies of their comrades.

Unbelievable as it may seem, those ants — yes, those millions of ants — were ready to climb as the leaders had done — climb the side of the house, follow the ceiling of the roof out to the edge, then start along the roof of the porch to the house again. Thus some of them continued their journey up, over, and down the other side of the house.

Seeing that boiling water and ashes were not effective, the mountaineers tore up the porch floor and spaded the ground underneath it. Thus, eventually, seemingly after hours, the ants decided to swerve from their

course and go round the corner of the house. Every ant which followed made exactly the same turn as the leaders had done — no panic, no riot, nothing but perfect order.

After the new course had been followed for several hours we felt somewhat safer. There was nothing to do, then, but watch them; and watch them we did for two days — yes, two days before the last ant left the yard. There were no laggards or stragglers. Those ants seemed to possess an extremely practical knowledge of the order of marching. Large ants led the colony. Guards were posted on each side of the line at intervals to keep the file in order. Our attempts to check their progress broke the ranks only for a few minutes right at the porch. Their formation resembled an arrow — the head of the procession was always a perfect V.

They seemed to be organized in a regular series of these V-shaped regiments, marching through the yard at various intervals. Several times we were extremely relieved, feeling that the last of the ants had gone through the yard — but on looking toward the mountain we could see another regiment appearing. And so it continued from early noon of the first day until sunset of the second.

Those poor stupid ants — as if climbing the house were not enough extra mileage for them! At the end of the gravel walk which they followed was a gate. Since the gate was narrower than the walk, only those fortunate ants in the center of the procession could walk under the gate. The gateposts were right in the path of the ants who were on both sides of the file. Those ants went up, over, and down the posts.

The birds in the vines on the porch were frantic during the first few hours the ants were around. They fussed and cried in a very disturbing manner. Some of the ants got into the vines and thus into the nests. It was early summer; the young birds had just been hatched. Late the first day we found that all the young birds had been killed.

After two days we saw the last of the ants climb the gatepost and continue down the road. A few days later the old Arkansan stopped in passing to tell about a wonderful sight — a traveling colony of ants he had passed the day before miles down the mountain. "You-all should have been there. You-all would have believed my story then," he said. And very humbly I told him I had decided to believe every word of his story.

A Business Man's Civilization

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (July, '29)

James Truslow Adams

TWO of the most persistent traits of human nature are love of distinction and the need to follow leaders. The great mass of men tend to copy those above them, those who by common consent are the leaders of the nation or occupy the most enviable position in it. In England, politics, the army, navy, and the diplomatic and civil services offer life-careers for the ablest of men. The professions, such as law and medicine, are still uncommercialized. A young man of ability and ambition may choose among a dozen careers, not one of which has anything to do with business, and any one of which offers him as a possible reward all the prizes that a man can wish. In England, moreover, the genuine leaders of the aristocracy and gentry still exert a great influence upon the manners and outlook of those below them.

In America, these leaders have become the great business men. Their ideals, their manners, their standard of success are, therefore, those which the great mass of Americans, consciously or not, strive to make their own.

Let us, then, attempt to appraise the business man and the

influence which he exerts. Apart from initial tastes and nature, a man is bound to be molded by the aims, ideals, and whole nature of the career to which he devotes practically his entire energies and time. For the business man, the main function of work, his main preoccupation, and the point from which he views everything connected with his work is necessarily that of *profit*. The hallmark of success in business is the extent of profit a man gets out of it. An artist may find no public for his wares but, if he is doing a great work, he will be supported by the opinion of his peers. A doctor may struggle in a country village with nothing but a pittance but he has the satisfaction of a noble work nobly done. A man like Asquith may spend his whole life in the service of his country and yet retire as prime minister with the income of a bank clerk. But a man who spends his life in business and ends no wealthier than he began is voted a failure by all his fellows.

Now this primary and essential preoccupation with making a profit naturally tends to color a business man's view of his entire world, and is what, in my opin-

ion, mainly differentiates business from the professions. I say this after having spent about half of the past 30 years in business and half in professional work.

Moreover, dealing inevitably with the world's material wants, the business man tends to locate happiness in *them* rather than in the intellectual and spiritual unless he constantly refreshes his spirit away from business during his leisure. When the pressure of business on his time, or his concentration on it, becomes so great as to preclude his reasonable use of leisure for the development of his whole human personality, he is apt to become a complete materialist; and if he comes to care more for riches, luxury and power than for a humanely rounded life he is not civilized but what the Greeks properly called a "barbarian."

Preoccupation with profit, again, tends to make a business man, as a business man, blind to the esthetic quality in life. A beautiful bit of scenery is for him merely a good site for a real-estate development; a waterfall is merely water-power. In matters of the mind, also, time is money, and anything which takes time and does not give business results is waste. But if you tell him that if he shows an interest in Keats he can probably land Smith's account — Smith being a queer, moony guy — or that if he will

go to hear "Rheingold" he can make a hit with that chap he has long been after, the effect will be magical.

Yet society at large, including the business man himself, owes its opportunity for a fully rounded life mainly to those who have not been business men. What will be the effect on all of us of the growing dominance of the business type and of the hold which business ideals have attained upon our civilization?

Before we discuss this let me gladly admit that many cultural benefits result from the business man's search for a profit. I am by no means decrying business. In the phonograph and the radio, for example, the business man has brought the work of the scientist on the one hand and the musician on the other together in such a way that the lonely resident of a country village can listen to the symphony orchestras of perhaps a half dozen cities. Yet that opportunity for the man in the village could not have come about unless the abstract scientist, reaching the business man through the medium of the inventor, and the musical composer had both existed and done their work in a spirit quite remote from business. In a world entirely made up of business, it is doubtful if either pure science or music would have existed.

At no time in the history of the

world have the occupations of all men tended to render them so narrowly specialized as now. Never before have leisure and a wise use of it been so necessary. The functions of the lawyer and doctor, even of the thinker and the artist, have become narrowed to only a small part of the field formerly covered by them. And the narrowing of the field of work for all men has greatly intensified the need of their finding development of the other sides of their personalities in pursuits other than their major ones.

In an economic civilization in which efficiency is the one great good, leisure will be considered as waste save in so far as it promotes the individual's productive capacity. Having little use for sanely occupied leisure themselves, our business spokesmen try either to confuse it in the public mind with idleness or to make people utilize it for the satisfaction of more material wants. Thus in his *American Omen*, which we may take as the ultra-expression of the new business ideal, Garrett says that the American "does not know what to do with idleness. He does not understand it. Generally it kills him." Again, speaking of adult education, he adds that "in England the intent of adult education is to give the wage earner a cultural interest to fill up his leisure time — nature study, astronomy, literature, per-

haps. In Germany the intent is technical. But," he adds triumphantly, "the American ideal of adult education is to enable a man to find greater self-expression in his job."

Another commonly accepted business axiom is that the more useful a man is, the more he will be paid. Thus, "the greater the service rendered, the greater the personal income; therefore we can estimate the service in terms of income." Naturally the man whose badge of success is income applauds such a theory, for it establishes indubitably that the owner of a cigar-store chain is infinitely more valuable to humanity than a Keats, even though from every past civilization the only things which remain of value to humanity are the creative works of those who were not business men.

Applied to a doctor, this theory would mean that it is his duty to leave a whole countryside to struggle without medical care if it can pay him only a bare livelihood when in a city he can be wealthy if he gets in with the right people. Or that a lawyer, struggling along in private practice, should readily accept the offer of a large retainer from, say, a water-power trust.

Another profession, architecture, is beginning to feel the dominance of business. We have good architects in America —

none better — but business does not give them their chance. Buildings are built to sell, and, being built on borrowed money on speculation, must be sold as quickly as possible. No chances can be taken on not pleasing the public. Moreover, in buildings every inch of space must be made to bring in rent. "As an architect," said Mr. Harvey W. Corbett sadly, "I am really just a manufacturer of building space, and my job, as I see it, is to make as attractive a package as is physically or esthetically possible for me in view of all the conditions imposed." The consequence is that architectural development in America is falling rapidly behind countries like Denmark, Holland, Germany, Austria, and even Russia. Much of the interesting new bloom of architecture that I have seen in these countries makes the American revamping of the English, Colonial, and Spanish types seem to belong to a past world.

The energy of business men is devoted to creating new wants which their factories can supply. But the wants which they create and foster must be material, or there would be no manufacturing and no profit. If people wish to tramp about the countryside remote from motor cars, or read a book or go to an art museum or

simply engage in intelligent conversation at home, the manufacturer is being robbed of a possible profit. The constant effort of modern business is thus to get people to fill up their leisure with *things*, things that can be made and sold.

If the fundamental idea underlying our civilization is to become that of business profit, it is inevitable that we shall decline in the scale of what has hitherto been considered civilization. In the atmosphere of business, what becomes of the artistic spirit, of the professional spirit, of the pure scientific spirit?

Civilizations rest fundamentally upon ideas. These ideas to be effective must be those of the dominant classes. In making the business men the dominant and sole class in America, that country is making the experiment of resting her civilization on the ideas of business men. The other classes, dominated by the business one, are rapidly conforming in their philosophy of life to it. If the leaders are not humanely rounded personalities, what shall we expect of the mass which patterns itself upon them? In a word, can a great civilization be maintained upon the philosophy of the counting-house and the sole basic idea of a profit?



Answer Yes or No

Condensed from *The North American Review* (July, '29)

John Holley Clark, Jr.

THERE are time-honored methods by which a lawyer tries to confuse or discredit a witness. They were succinctly stated 1900 years ago by the Dean of Roman Law, M. Fabius Quintillian: "If the witness is timid he may be frightened; if foolish, misled; if irascible, provoked; if vain, flattered; if prolix, drawn from the point; if, on the contrary, a witness is sensible and self-possessed he may be hastily dismissed as malicious and obstinate or he may be put out of countenance by a jest."

For thousands of years the lawyers have been "practising" this art of cross examination. They have written books about it. They gleefully recall instances where witnesses were confounded. They pride themselves on winning cases — whether with or against the evidence.

It all seems a delightful game as you read of it, and practise it. It is big game hunting! Man hunting!

I thought well of it, had some scalps at my belt, and was an enthusiast on the warpath until recently — when I had to be a witness myself. After a vigorous — even brutal — cross examina-

tion, it occurred to me that perhaps too little attention had been paid to the instruction of the cross examinee.

All laymen are in imminent danger of cross examination. They ought to know what to do about it. The best thing is to remember Professor Quintillian. First of all, do not be timid or you will be frightened. Nervousness is hard to control, but it can be concealed. I have seen perfectly truthful witnesses give every appearance of lying. They move uneasily in the witness chair. They put hand to mouth. They let their eye wander. They are the picture of the caged animal. Such an appearance is fresh meat to the cross examiner. He will take it for granted you are lying and subject you to what Wellman calls "the particular form of torture in store for the perjurer."

Witnesses should not answer yes or no to a question which can not be answered yes or no. No witness is required to do that. The reason cross examiners try to pin witnesses down is to avoid explanations. For, as Wellman says, "If you allow the witness a chance to give his reasons or

explanations, you may be sure they will be damaging to you, not to him."

The witness' defense against this is to control himself. No matter how simple the question he is asked to answer "yes or no," if it cannot be so answered he should say so and keep on saying so until allowed to explain. Beside the classical question, "Have you stopped beating your wife?" there are many others which cannot be answered by yes or no. A witness often is badgered to answer yes or no until he gives in. He thinks if he maintains that he cannot answer yes or no he will seem to be evasive.

It is better to appear evasive than to fall into a trap. You can always fall back on the effective retort of Henry Ward Beecher when his cross examiner in the Tilton case asked him why he was so evasive. "Because I am afraid of you," said Beecher simply.

Always remember that the jury is watching the duel. They know when you are being badgered. Also remember that after the cross examination is finished, your own counsel can take you in hand on redirect and let you explain your evasions, your inconsistencies and all your lapses.

The second maxim, don't be foolish, explains itself. Don't be irascible, is the third maxim.

"Hold your temper while you lead the witness to lose his," is the Golden Rule of cross examiners. It is even more important for witnesses. If you get angry you will say things you don't mean — or don't want known.

The fourth maxim is, don't be vain. The smoothest trick of the examiner is to get you to admit you are quite a remarkable person. Then he traps you into showing that you are not. A doctor, for instance, was called in a railroad accident case. The lawyer flattered him. He had of course read Smith on this, Jones on that, Gervais on the other and so on through a long list of authorities that never existed. The doctor fell. He had read them all. But toward the end he got suspicious. Finally he was asked about Hall on Neurosis, a bona fide authority. "There is no such book," said he. He was ruined.

I have seen vast numbers of witnesses taken in by such obvious soft soap as "You have quite a remarkable memory, Mr. Jones"; "You are a very expert accountant, Mr. Brown"; "You have made a deep study of this subject, Mr. Smith?" etc., etc. Every time the cross examiner gets oily, look out. Always remember he is your enemy. If he puffs you up it is only to explode you.

And finally don't be prolix. Don't try to explain everything. It makes you appear nervous. If

you are allowed to explain, either the cross examiner is asleep at the switch or he thinks that you will explain yourself into difficulties.

It is my experience that the ordinary man is a match for the ordinary lawyer. Even the best of lawyers have been put to rout by honest witnesses. One instance of this was the doctor who had tried to qualify as an expert on a certain disease. The cross examiner asked him to answer yes or no whether he was not a "neurologist pure and simple." Quickly he answered "Moderately pure and absolutely simple." The laugh saved him.

Wellman gives an instance of another sort. He knew his witness had once been in an insane asylum on Ward's Island. Sneeringly he asked, "You were once on Ward's Island, weren't you?" He was quite put to rout by this reply:

"I was sent there because I was insane; you see my wife was very ill with locomotor ataxia. She had been ill a year. I was her only nurse. I tended her day and night. We loved each other dearly. I was greatly worried over her long illness and frightful

suffering. The result was I worried too deeply; she had been very good to me. I overstrained myself; my mind gave way. But I am better now, thank you."

So witnesses sometimes have their innings. Quintillian says "All questions ought to be extremely circumspect because a witness often utters sharp repartees in answer to the advocate and is thus regarded with a highly favorable feeling by the audience in general."

Every real opportunity to confound the examiner should be taken advantage of. But don't be anxious for it. Many witnesses, by trying to get the best of the cross examiner give an impression of forwardness and smartness that hurts their testimony. Don't be so anxious to score a hit that the jury may think you are trying to examine the attorney.

To most witnesses the supreme delight of laying the cross examiner flat is not granted.

The best they can do is remember the five don'ts. Don't be nervous, don't be foolish, don't be irascible, don't be vain, don't be prolix. Tell the truth and shame the devil — of a lawyer.

New Styles in Feminine Beauty

Condensed from The Outlook and Independent (June 26, '29)

Emily Newell Blair

TO realize the changing styles in feminine beauty one has only to remember the tall, broad-shouldered, long-necked, small-waisted Gibson girl of the Nineties and compare her with the lean, straight, scantling figure, small head, flat chest, and narrow hips of the Twenties. But another change has taken place. Not only can we observe the new styles in height, in breadth, and in places to wear flesh, not only in complexions and the way of wearing hair, but also in the shapes of chins, the expression of eyes, and the way of looking at a man.

I began to ponder the changed styles of feminine beauty when, at the last Republican convention in Kansas City, I heard the newspapermen call Mrs. Willebrandt a stunning looking woman as they looked at her set jaw and level eyes. I thought of it as I recalled the faces of Nancy Astor and Ruth McCormick which record openly their will to achieve and their opinion of their own opinions.

I thought of the popular hostesses of Washington, Daisy Hariman, Alice Longworth — by no means the old-fashioned sweetly

acquiescent feminine type. When I began to list the women who could always be counted on to have a man at each side, I found them, one and all, women whose faces and tongues give notice to the world that they have ideas.

Perhaps, thought I, it is only in the political world that the type has changed. And I thought of Katherine Cornell. There is no yielding type. Lynn Fontanne for all her appeal to the masculine is a wilful, even if enticing type. And I thought of the movies. Even Mary Pickford is being forced to the independence of a *Coquette* where once *Pollyanna* filled her houses. Also in the novels. What chance would a *Lady Rose's Daughter* have today against a *Dark Hester*?

I well know that one reason I was pushed in suffrage was because I was so inoffensive to the male. Haven't I heard more than one legislator say, meaning it for the greatest compliment: "You're not aggressive like the others; you're so feminine." "A wren," they called me. The name was an asset. For it meant no one need be afraid of me. Naturally, people do not care to do business with some one they fear.

But after I had been in politics a while I noticed that men were beginning to ask of this or that woman not if she was charming, but if she was strong, if she could stand her ground, if she could fight. And the reason was obvious. The men did not want to trust a place on the front to some one who was gentle and yielding. Their self-interest was involved. The kind of woman they needed was not one to flatter their vanity, but one that could deliver. However delightful it was to be fascinated by the oblique glance, eyes one could trust were much safer. And so the "sweetly feminine" went on the decline.

"But what," I can imagine a reader asking, "has all this to do with feminine beauty?" Let us see. True, it can hardly be claimed that politicians set the styles in feminine beauty. But what has happened in politics has happened in society in general. Women have gone into business, too. And there, also, something more vital than vanity is at stake—success. What, for instance, will be the effect on his ideal of woman if a man loses a goodly sum through the incompetence of a sweet, inept feminine employee? What the effect of winning success through the help of an efficient one? Is such a man likely to admire a sweet, simple, adoring type?

Co-education, too, has helped.

Whereas the young student may at first have resented the girl who rated above him, in time he has come to value more highly the capture of the admiration of this girl than of one who appears plainly a simpleton. There will always be the man whose vanity is susceptible to the clinging vine that accentuates his own strength. But there is an increasing number, it would seem, who feel more flattered by the appreciation of their peers, even though they be of the feminine sex.

The keenness of competition in the race for success may have had a small part. A yielding wife may yield also to the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, and the bank account shows results. A delicate wife may require far more service and this, too, eats into balances. Two brains, one working socially and one down town, can sometimes "get there" more quickly than one brain working alone because the other runs to adoration rather than ratiocination.

The demands that modern life make on women may have something to do with it. Driving a car in traffic, for instance, calls for firmness and self-control. Fancy the fainting lady of the 18th Century trying it. Pushing one's way through a subway mob, keeping alert for bargains, making engagements, filling positions on committees, even playing good

bridge puts a grip in the lower jaw, a keenness in the eye. Modern plays, modern books, by reflecting what has happened, serve to spread the fashion. There are probably other factors in thus changing the style.

"But she writes," some hardy feminist may remark here, "as if it were up to the men to determine the style of feminine beauty."

So I do. And so they do. For in spite of the inroads made on masculine preserves by feminists, men still control the market and it is the taste of the market that determines the style. The majority of employers are men, the majority of politicians are men, and in most cases it is still the man who makes the proposal of marriage. And women, even feminists, who wish to succeed in any of these departments, will naturally follow the fashion that seems to have the best chance of getting her what she wants. It is, of course, largely a case of the survival of the fittest. Those women who have these features will win out. But it must in time, if it has not already, affect those who have not; for seeing what succeeds they will attempt to compensate for their lack of features in their manner, their way of walking, talking, and dressing.

Let no one think that the new style will be less beautiful because it is different. Firm chins can be softly modeled; keen eyes can be of the purest blue, and their lashes can be of the longest and even tipped with gold; assurance can move with delicate grace; and resolution may sit upon a noble figure. Yet there will be no mistaking the difference between the old style and the new. Power and acquiescence bear a different look, call for a different carriage, sit on a different figure. Strength and frailty call for different contours, different gestures, different eyes. Competence and amenity call for a different physique, a different voice, a different manner of speaking. To see what those differences are, look at the photogravure sections in the Sunday papers and compare them with the illustrations of Du Maurier, or look at the magazine covers of today and compare them with those of 1900. Aye, compare the little colored pictures of actresses that 30 years ago were to be found in cartons of cigarettes with the bathing beauties of Hollywood. Or take a look at the chins, the noses, the mouths about you that you most admire and ask yourself: Could they ever by any chance belong to a pleading vine?



Nationalistic Business

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (July 6, '29)

Isaac F. Marcossou

THOUGH many American commodities are subject to economic espionage, propaganda or discrimination in foreign countries, the most typical case is embodied in the attack on our films.

The value of our film exports represents 35 percent of the gross revenue of our production. It swings the balance from loss to profit. Hence the foreign market is essential to the well-being of what has become a major American industry.

To appreciate the situation one must realize the fundamental difference between the European and the American attitude toward films. Practically every European nation has a distinct propaganda purpose behind its moving pictures. With Britain it is trade. In France it is nationalism, trade and the desire to rehabilitate Paris as the world art center. Germany makes no bones of the fact that a reborn economic might is the underlying purpose. Italy emphasizes trade and culture, with a considerable dash of Fascism.

The American picture, on the other hand, is devised solely for entertainment. It cannot escape

the fact, however, that it reflects our mode of social and industrial life, methods of thought and standards of living. Furthermore, it is the most conspicuous of all American exports, frankly betraying nationality and origin.

Whereas we possess only 6 percent of the world's land, comprise 7 percent of the total population, grow 27 percent of all the wheat, dig 40 percent of the coal, use 63 percent of the telephones, and make more than 85 percent of the motor cars, we produce nearly 90 percent of all the films. Knowing this, you can readily understand why the American picture has drawn the lightning and why every effort is being made to stop its advance.

Trade follows the film. It has been said that every foot of American film exhibited sells a dollar's worth of American goods. Naturally the charge of imperialism is raised against the American film industry — the idea being that "the American film trust" wants to use its potent weapon for economic mastery of the world.

The film movement is part of a larger effort to bring about a Pan-European union through the

lowering of tariffs and other trade barriers, so as to present a solid front against American economic penetration. It is sponsored by Austen Chamberlain, Monsieur Briand and Herr Stresemann.

That some European countries have a measure of justification in fostering a native film product as against the American product is shown by the case of Britain. Not only is her provocation the greatest but her quota system is the fairest. If the Continental nations had taken it as a model there would be no crisis to chronicle and no propaganda to offset.

Fully 85 percent of the motion pictures exhibited throughout the British Empire are American. Noting this fact, the British Government reluctantly came to the point of passing restrictive legislation on imported films. Under the terms of the British Films Bill every exhibitor and distributor in the kingdom must show or sell a definite number of British-made pictures every year.

Exhibitors began with a 2.5 percent quota and distributors with a 7.5 percent quota for 1928. The figure increases by 2.5 percent each year until 25 percent is reached. By that time the British will know whether they can supply enough good films to maintain the quota permanently.

In sharp contrast is the position of France, which, unless some

new compromise is effected, will practically drive the American picture from the French theater. At the root of the situation is the French desire to enforce her film exports and at the same time secure an American subsidy for French production.

For five years the French have tried in vain to build up a film industry. In 1928 a cinema control was set up to foster French-made films. The first step was to promulgate a decree providing that for every four foreign films brought into France one French picture must be bought and distributed outside French territory. Since we exported 400 pictures to France, we would have been obliged to purchase 100 French movies every year — much as if we required France to buy and wear one American frock for every four purchased by American women in France.

The American industry made such a strong protest that a compromise on a 7 to 1 basis was arranged, but that temporary truce expired this year. The French have now come forward with a proposition to reduce the arrangement in such a way as is impracticable on its very face, because the French do not begin to produce enough feature films. Unless the French reconsider, it is among the possibilities that American companies will withdraw entirely from France. This would

practically close down 3000 movie theaters and endanger an investment of millions of dollars in French theaters.

Being a dominant American product, the automobile also feels the force of European restriction. Three countries still place quotas on automobiles brought in. Others tax cars on the basis of horse-power or cylinder bore. Since American cars are of larger bore and horse-power than European cars, they are penalized annually by this form of taxation.

Propaganda also plays its part. Here is a sample advertisement from a leading German manufacturer:

"Blank manufactures 220 cars every day which can compete in price with every foreign product. More than 20,000 German workers participate in this output. Tens of thousands of other skilled workers, who today have no job, could find a living if every German buyer were tactful enough to choose German cars. By a slight increase of facilities Blank plants are in position to make enough cars to take care of total present imports."

The same brand of nationalistic publicity is employed by British manufacturers as part of the Buy British and Be Proud of It cam-

paign. Here the war debt is capitalized. Part of a typical advertisement reads:

"Think! In settlement of our war debt we are paying the U. S. £30,000,000 a year. Is it good business to aggravate our indebtedness by importing, as we did last year, 16,000 motor vehicles from the United States alone, when British motor manufacturers offer unequalled value?"

A third American commodity — the typewriter — comes in for its share of nationalistic discrimination procedure. The Italian will serve to illustrate. By governmental order all public offices are required to use only Italian machines. It is a direct blow at various American makes which were widely used. Since the Fascist order is all-powerful, it is good business to stand in with the existing régime. Hence private business follows the example of the powers that be.

With films, motor cars, and to a lesser extent, typewriters, the general European nationalistic policy of restriction and discrimination is clearly illustrated. Its result must be to bind the nations of Europe into a group whose united purpose is to attack the American product. The outlook is not a reassuring one.



We Are Being Driven!

Condensed from *The Christian Century* (May 1, '29)

Reinhold Niebuhr

MR. C. F. ANDREWS, who recently visited America, said of us: "You are not driving the machine of civilization; you are being driven."

I had lunch with a friend who is an executive in the automobile business. He told me of four men in his organization who recently died very suddenly. Each one of them was in the prime of life — between the ages of 35 and 50. One of them died of pneumonia, another of influenza, and a third after an operation. All of them had overworked and were a ready prey for the first disease that came along. "It was the pace that killed them," said my friend.

I asked him what made the pace so killing. He spoke of hectic competition. Not long since there were yearly automobile models. Recently some of the companies began to bring out new models in the middle of the year and everyone had to follow suit. Production is barely going on a new model when another company brings out, let us say, an eight-cylinder model at a new low price. The whole selling game in this and adjoining price ranges is immediately disrupted. Experimental departments are called upon to rush

contemplated models to completion in order to meet the new competitive threat.

Or the company puts out a new model and prices it upon the basis of, let us say, a 500 car per day production. The car will not sell at the figure set. The price is cut and production speeded up to 1000 cars per day, not because there is a demand for the car, but because there is none. It will be easier to sell 1000 cars per day at a lower figure than 500 at a higher figure. At least the sales manager thinks so. If his guess is wrong, off goes his head. No wonder these executives feel no more secure in their jobs than the poor devils on the production lines.

I speak to my friend the doctor. He tells me of a production official under his care who might benefit from his ministrations except for the fact that the root of his difficulty is nerves and he is too uneasy in his enforced period of convalescence to gain any benefit from it. Why is he uneasy? He is afraid his substitute will get the job while he is away from his desk. He and many others are being driven by the system, even when less fortunate victims than

they imagine them to be the masters of the scheme.

Mr. A. is the father of a family of four. His wages have heretofore been adequate. He works on piece rates. The new model upon which he is now working offers special difficulties which reduce his daily wage \$1.20 per day. He and his companions are desperate. Family budgets must be pared. The company insists that it cannot raise piece rates and keep its product in competition with other concerns. Meanwhile men are gambling on the stock exchange on the increased earnings of the company. But the man who runs the company has to keep profits high or lose his job. He is only a hireling and is driven by the competitive struggle on the one hand and the mad greed of money centers on the other. Everyone in this tragedy is being driven.

The automobile dealer in B. was doing quite well until the company recently insisted that he take ten cars per month more than he had been previously expected to sell. In spite of frantic efforts and the employment of new salesmen he cannot move all his cars. Piteous appeals to the home office result in the suggestion that a change in the agency may be necessary in this town since the company is advised that a rival agency is able to sell quite a number of cars more than the

new quota assigned to him. This poor fellow is certainly being driven.

Mrs. C. consults me about her family problems. Most of the difficulties seem to arise out of squabbles over the family budget. She insists that her husband is making enough money to support the family decently if he would not fall a prey to every salesman who comes along. "We have had a new automobile every year for three years," she declares. "These salesmen appeal to his pride and he is too weak to resist them." I feel sorry for her, but remember the poor salesman also.

Mr. D., whom I met in the pullman smoker, is a clothing salesman. The clothing business, he says, is not what it used to be. Dealers are demanding credit where once they paid cash and even then they take less goods than they used to. Why do they demand credit? Because they are selling their goods on the partial payment plan. People are so stocked up with obligations on radios and cars that they cannot buy clothes if they do not buy them on time. Here, then, is another victim of the game.

We seem to be in a vicious circle whether we are producing goods or trying to get to a place where we can produce. We erect buildings not to house people, but to make an investment profitable; just as we produce goods not

for the sake of supplying the wants of men, but to keep the productive process going. We are not the masters, but the victims of our tools.

[The following condensation is from an article, "Those Menacing Machines," by T. Swann Harding, in *The Christian Century* for May 29, '29.]

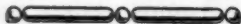
A watch was once a very expensive article, and an expert craftsman might spend a year in making one. Only a rich man could buy it, but it did fill a need. Then came the machines. A good watch could suddenly be produced for \$50, say. At once a vacuum appeared, for there were thousands who wanted a watch at that price. Production speeded up, the vacuum was filled and then production stagnated to a dull level of current demand.

The country being saturated with watches at this point, increasing sales resistance had to be battered down with ever more powerful sales methods. High pressure salesmanship came into being, designed to compel you and me to want a better watch, a watch for golf, another for evening wear, another for the office, or a "Discus" rather than a "Multex" watch, each being

equally good. We became the center of converging forces seeking to compel us to give birth to deep yearnings for things we do not really and naturally want — a newer style radio, an improved vacuum cleaner, a car each season, an automatic piano or a fancier watch. You and I were admonished to have special glasses for special occasions and to get a typewriter painted to match the walls of our den. And all this creation of a demand is part of the great plan to make us happy!

In 1921 the Federation of American Engineering Societies estimated that print and shoe factories had 50 per cent overcapacity in the matter of production facilities and other lines of manufacture were in a similar situation, while such engineers as Gantt and Steinmetz have estimated that two hours per day of wasteless production in the United States would produce all that our long hours of deadly drudgery now produce.

Evidence accumulates that the market is becoming rapidly saturated and that even very high pressure salesmanship will soon be impotent to make people think they want things for which they really have no use.



Stock Values Reflect a Golden Age

Condensed from *Forbes* (June 15, '29)

R. W. McNeel, Director, McNeel Financial Service

TWO questions occupying the minds of investors and business men today perhaps more than any others are: Is the great uplift in the stock market of the last five years which has increased the selling prices of many American industrial securities more than 200 percent merely a reflection of our industrial growth? Can we look forward to a continuation of such remarkable growth over a considerable period of years to come?

In years past there was a point at which a bull market should logically stop. That point arrived when prices advanced to a level where the average yield of high grade stocks was no more than the yield on high grade bonds. Since common stocks carry the risks of business it was believed they should not sell to yield less than the securities which did not carry the risks of business.

Recently the income return on stocks has been at a discount and prospects of future growth have occupied almost the entire attention of investors. As a result, securities which offered the investor nothing but stability of earning power with a fair income have not been desired, but those

which seem to offer possibilities of great expansion have been in demand even at prices far beyond anything justified by current earnings or income return.

In addition to this is the fact that for the last five years we have been in a new industrial era in this country. We are in a golden age of industry — such a golden age as has punctuated the development and progress of various lines of human endeavor through the centuries when as much has been accomplished in a relatively short space of time as in generations or centuries before or after. Two thousand years ago the world saw a golden age of architecture. The Romans had architectural triumphs that to this day have never been excelled.

We have had golden ages in the fields of art, of discovery, and of letters. In the 15th and 16th centuries we saw the renaissance of art in Italy. Suddenly from a mediocre background evolved such great masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, da Vinci and Titian. Never before in history had art made such wonderful strides. Never since has the art of that time been improved upon.

Then there was the golden age

of discovery. In the 15th century all over Europe merchants were speculating as to new ways to the East. From this speculation grew the discoveries of Columbus; of Amerigo Vespucci, from whom America obtained its name; of Magellan, who first circumnavigated the globe, and of other great discoverers of that age.

Then there was the golden age of letters when, in the 16th century, Shakespeare touched the pinnacle of English literature. Not in four centuries have the achievements of those days been surpassed.

The world never does go forward in any department by any so-called normal or logical fashion, gradually improving year after year. A study of history suggests that we are now in the golden age of economic, industrial, and commercial progress.

Permanent human progress through all the ages has been due to and dependent on new and improved means of communication, communication of thought and ideas — and on new and improved means of transportation of people and commodities.

Never has such progress been made in that direction as in the last few years. We are in a period of the most wonderful progress in science and invention, especially as applied to communication and transportation, this or any other country has ever known.

In other departments of industrial activity similar new developments are taking place. Machines are perfected for making cigars and thousands of men are released to create other forms of wealth. Iceless refrigeration is perfected and it is estimated that it will save \$750,000,000 a year through preservation of foods which would otherwise perish. A concern like Gillette Safety Razor perfects machines so that 1800 people can do the work for which it would have required 4000 employes ten years ago.

We have accomplished tremendous things in the way of cost reduction throughout the whole industrial world by the introduction of mass production. We are now going into an era of mass distribution. Such developments are typified in the new policies of the mail order houses, and it is today impossible to estimate the millions of dollars which may be saved through the reduction of costs of distributing goods by modern methods.

The discoveries in the laboratory are daily becoming great commercial successes, and lay the groundwork for still greater successes. It is such developments which have stimulated the speculative imagination and have been responsible for our great stock markets.

That they have been overdone in many directions is certain —

What Is the Origin of These?

From the Mentor (June, '29)

The following are not all apborisms. Some are simply expressions that we are familiar with, and are in daily usage. From what authors are they taken?

SEE ANSWERS ON NEXT PAGE

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Of the making of many books there is no end. | 22. I escaped with the skin of my teeth. |
| 2. Filthy lucre. | 23. Rule with a rod of iron. |
| 3. Unstable as water. | 24. There is no discharge in the war. |
| 4. Apple of my eye. | 25. Whited sepulchers. |
| 5. Labor of love. | 26. My name is Legion. |
| 6. A man after his own heart. | 27. Clothed and in his right mind. |
| 7. At their wits' end. | 28. All things to all men. |
| 8. At the parting of the ways. | 29. In the twinkling of an eye. |
| 9. Prisoners of hope. | 30. The sleep of the laboring man is sweet. |
| 10. Nothing new under the sun. | 31. Beat their swords into ploughshares. |
| 11. Eat, drink and be merry. | 32. To the pure all things are pure. |
| 12. So he that runs may read. | 33. Charity covers a multitude of sins. |
| 13. Under his vine and fig-tree. | 34. Observe the opportunity. |
| 14. A living dog is better than a dead lion. | 35. No respect of persons. |
| 15. A good old age. | 36. The salt of the earth. |
| 16. Can a leopard change his spots? | 37. Make light of it. |
| 17. Put not your trust in princes. | 38. A good man and a just one. |
| 18. The wings of the morning. | 39. There's no truth in him. |
| 19. A stranger in a strange land. | 40. Signs of the times. |
| 20. Darkness that can be felt. | 41. Lewd fellows of the baser sort. |
| 21. A still, small voice. | 42. Great men are not always wise. |

yet who can say whether, taking a long look ahead, stocks of companies which produced talking movies, which have developed the radio, which have developed the new means of communication and transportation and distribution—who can say whether they have discounted their future too optimistically? Who can say whether American Telephone, long known as a premier investment stock, should sell higher than its present price considering its investment status and its connection with talking movies, radio, trans-continental telephoning, television, telephoto, and

other developments no less romantic?

Who can say whether the stocks of some of our chemical companies are outrageously high when we contemplate the great new developments and commercial success which have come out of the laboratory and test tube?

Who can say what General Electric stock should eventually sell for when we consider the possibilities of electricity and electric machinery and contemplate that in a single side line, iceless refrigeration, in which the company was not a factor three

The Expressions Quoted on Page 381 are All from the Bible

We have made a list of these familiar expressions in order to make clear the abounding influence that the Book of Books has had upon our language. These familiar expressions, and countless others that we could cite, show how fully the vital and significant utterances of the Bible have entered, not only into our literature, but into our daily communications one with another. Few of us realize to what extent the Bible language has become a part of our speech.

We give below the book, chapter and verse from which the expressions have been taken:

- | | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ecclesiastes xii, 12. | 15. Genesis xv, 15. | 29. I Corinthians xv, 52. |
| 2. I Timothy iii, 3. | 16. Jeremiah xiii, 23. | 30. Ecclesiastes v, 12. |
| 3. Genesis xlix, 4. | 17. Psalm cxlvi, 3. | 31. Isaiah ii, 4. |
| 4. Deuteronomy xxxiii, 10. | 18. Psalm cxxxix, 9. | 32. Titus i, 15. |
| 5. I Thessalonians i, 3. | 19. Exodus ii, 22. | 33. I Peter iv, 8. |
| 6. I Samuel xiii, 14. | 20. Exodus x, 21. | 34. Ecclesiasticus iv, 20. |
| 7. Psalm cvii, 27. | 21. I Kings xix, 12. | 35. Romans ii, 11. |
| 8. Ezekiel ix, 12. | 22. Job xix, 20. | 36. Matthew v, 13. |
| 9. Ecclesiastes i, 9. | 23. Revelation ii, 27. | 37. Matthew xii, 5. |
| 10. Ecclesiastes viii, 15. | 24. Ecclesiastes viii, 8. | 38. Luke xxi, 50. |
| 11. Ecclesiastes viii, 15. | 25. Matthew xxiii, 27. | 39. John viii, 44. |
| 12. Habakkuk ii, 2. | 26. Mark v, 9. | 40. Matthew xvi, 3. |
| 13. Micah iv, 4. | 27. Luke viii, 35. | 41. Acts xvii, 5. |
| 14. Ecclesiastes ix, 4. | 28. I Corinthians ix, 22. | 42. Job xxxii, 9. |

years ago, it now makes and sells at least one machine a minute.

To accept the progress of this remarkable era, however, as a normal development in the history of this country and as one which is to be multiplied, which is to be duplicated decade after decade, is likely to be quite in error. It is obviously our present great fortune to live in what, in the light of history, will be recognized as a golden age of American industry.

How long this abnormal period, or rather this period of tremendous strides, will continue is im-

possible to say. We are certainly still in it. At the same time it would be just as absurd to expect that we will go on in our process of eliminating time and space — of creating labor-saving devices — of reducing costs as it would have been absurd to anticipate that discoverers would have gone on indefinitely discovering new Americas, that artists would indefinitely improve on the works of Michelangelo — that authors would go on indefinitely improving on the works of Shakespeare or that the progress made in any golden age would become the normal rate of progress.

On Calling Names

Condensed from Vanity Fair (June, '29)

G. K. Chesterton

IT IS now the custom of most young people to shout at each other by their Christian names, or the most intimate substitutes for their Christian names, as soon as they know each other. If the dashing Miss Vernon-Vavasour was known in baptism as Gloria but among her most devoted friends as Gurgles, there is now no difference between those who call her Gurgles and those who call her Gloria and those who would normally prefer, when suddenly presented, to call her Miss Vernon-Vavasour. A total stranger will use her nickname because he has never known enough about her to have heard of her name. Or he will use the first name because he has not been in her company for a

sufficient number of seconds to get as far as the last one.

Now all this shows a dullness in distinguishing and tasting the art of civilization. We might as well abolish all names and use labels, alphabetical and numerical, as if we were motor-cars. We might then hear Gurgles shrieking across the tennis court, "Play up, K. P. 7983501, old thing; we've got to go on to M. M. 9018972's to tea." Our criticism of this mode of address would be that it dulled the edge of fine cultural intercourse. It would be like rubbing out all the lines of a fine drawing.

Now there were many things in which the Victorians were quite wrong. But in insisting that the young lady should be called at one

For the Person Who Says:

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stage Miss Vavasour, and only at another stage Gloria, and only in extreme and almost desperate cases of confidence Gurgles, they were a thousand times right. They were maintaining a wholly superior social system, by which social actions were significant, and not (as they are now) all of them equally insignificant. When first we are presented to Mr. Robinson, he ought to be presented as Mr. Robinson. If we afterwards reach such a degree of spontaneous friendship as to wish to call him Belisarius, or whatever his first name may be, we shall have done so because we have formed certain independent opinions of our own about qualities in him which we did not know of at the beginning; and the change will therefore have an intelligent and intelligible meaning. It will be a record of something real in our minds and in his mind. The automatic adoption of his first name by everybody creates an atmosphere of utter unreality.

Life is much more rich and interesting when there are individual initiations, special favors and different titles for different relations of life. If I were constructing a Utopia, I should describe a civilization in which every human being had a hundred names; in which there were more and not less ceremonies differentiating the various kinds of love and friendship; and in which the suitor had to go through ten names before he got to Glory.

When I was a boy there was a real symbolism, a real poetry, and in the sane sense a real romance, in the transition from being supposed to call a lady Miss Brown to being allowed to call her Mabel. The transition meant that she felt a certain confidence in you and did not object to counting you among her particular companions. Today it means nothing at all. And intelligent people have a strong objection to things, that mean nothing at all.

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FRANCIS BOWEN SAYRE (p. 355) is a professor of law in Harvard University. An adviser in foreign affairs to the Wilson Government from 1913 to 1923, he negotiated treaties with a variety of Foreign, great and small, which freed them from the burden of extra-territoriality.

GEORGE W. WICKER (p. 356) was Attorney-General of the United States in the Cabinet of President Taft. He is president of the American Law Institute and of the American Society French Lawyers of Honor, and has held and holds many posts of national and international distinction. He is the author of "Changing Order" and "Living in America."

ROBERT E. BEEHWOOD (p. 356) is a motion-picture critic and a playwright. He graduated from Harvard with the class of 1914. With the Black Watch regiment of the Canadian forces he was present at Arras and wounded at Amiens. He was dramatic editor of Vanity Fair for a year and then became an editor and critic for Life.

WILL DURANT (p. 357) was once a reporter on the New York Evening Journal but found the position unfit for his philosophic mind, so he turned to teaching Latin, Greek, French and English at Swarthmore College. Dr. Durant took up graduate work in philosophy, biology and psychology at Columbia, receiving his degree in 1917. Four years later he was made director of Labor Temple School. Then came his "History of Philosophy," and his retirement from Labor Temple.

MILDRED GULMAN (p. 358) is a feature writer on the staff of the New York Evening Journal and the author of "Fig Leaves," "Court Ties" and "Headlines."

HERBERT BRUCKER (p. 358) is a member of the editorial staff of The Review of Reviews and conducts the department called "News and Opinion." He is a graduate of Williams College (1921) and of the Fulkner School of Journalism at Columbia University.

WILLIAM BENETT MURD (p. 357) was appointed in 1926 to the Jonathan Trumbull Professorship of American History and Government at Harvard University. This chair carries with it the pleasant privilege of locating where he publishes papers, and so Mr. Murd lectures during the winter months at the California Institute of Technology. He has a new book, "The Making of the Unwritten Constitution," about ready for publication.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS (p. 359) is Professor of English Literature at Yale University. To the reading public he is well known for the department he conducts regularly in Scribner's Magazine, "As I Like It."

E. W. OGDEN (p. 359) has been a member of the scientific staff of the American Museum of Natural History in New York.

STUART CHASE (p. 359), formerly of the staff of The Nation and now the President of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York, is the author of "Men and Machines" and a frequent contributor to the magazine.

MAURICE BINDUS (p. 359) is an authority on Russia. He will spend the summer, as is his custom, studying that country at first hand.

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON (p. 359) has recently returned home after visiting 14 European countries, not as a sight-seer, but as a student of world affairs with the State Department's knowledge and consent. Among Mr. Norton's books are "Occidental Interpretations of the Far Eastern Problem," "China and the Powers," and "Back of War."

DOROTHY THOMPSON (p. 360), the wife of Sinclair Lewis, is the author of "The New Russia" and a frequent writer for important periodicals.

JAMES TRUELOW ADAMS (pp. 361 and 362) is a regular contributor to many important magazines. He is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the American Antiquarian Society. Besides winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1922 for his "The Founding of New England," he has completed one hundred of the "lives" for the new "Dictionary of American Biography."

WALTER DAVENPORT (p. 360) is a feature writer for Collier's Magazine.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR (p. 360) lives in Joplin, Missouri. She is not only a frequent contributor to various magazines, but is also an important figure in the political world. For many years she served as vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR (p. 360) is a contributing editor of The Christian Century and of The World Tomorrow. He has recently given up his pastorate in Detroit to accept a chair in the Union Theological Seminary.

R. W. MCNEEL (p. 360) is a financial expert and the author of a book "Beating the Stock Market" which has had a large sale.

GILBERT K. CHRISTIANSON (p. 361) is the well known English author and lecturer.

TALK!



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